

CALIFORNIA
STATE
LIBRARY

ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

Vol. X.—No. 8.
Copyright, 1892, by PETER FENELON COLLIER.
All rights reserved.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 3, 1892.

TERMS: \$6.00 per Year, payable \$1.00
first payment, balance \$1.00 per
month, including Library.



CONFIDENCES OVER THE LUNCHEON.

[From the latest picture by E. de Montzaigle.]

ONCE A WEEK

521-547 West Thirteenth Street.
518-524 West Fourteenth Street.
NEW YORK CITY.

TERMS:

ONCE A WEEK, one year, fifty-two volumes of new novels, and choice of any set of premium books, including complete works of Irving, George Eliot, or William Carleton and Life and Times of Napoleon.....\$6.00
In Canada (including duty on premium books).....\$6.50
In British Columbia and Manitoba (including freight and duty on premium books).....\$7.00
ONCE A WEEK, exclusive of fifty-two volumes of Library and the premium books, per year.....\$2.50
In all cases, collected monthly at subscriber's address by regularly authorized collectors.

Should ONCE A WEEK fail to reach a subscriber weekly, notice should be sent to the publication office, ONCE A WEEK Building, No. 523 West 13th Street, New York, when the complaint will be thoroughly investigated. This can be readily done by sending a "tracer" through the post-office. The number of the paper and the number on the wrapper should be given.

Subscribers will please take notice that one to three weeks must necessarily elapse—dependent upon the distance from New York—from the date on which they become possessed of first number of the paper, until they receive the first paper sent by mail. The reason is obvious. A subscriber's name is forwarded to the branch office, thence to the head office in New York. At the head office it is registered, and then duly mailed.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Subscribers will please notify the Publisher when changing their residence, and in doing so state the number on wrapper, and the old as well as the new address. This will insure prompt delivery.

Subscribers changing their address will please remember that it takes one to three weeks—dependent upon the distance from New York—from the date on which they notify this office of their change of address, until they receive the paper at the new one.

When writing to us mention number on wrapper.

Remittances should be made by Post-Office or Express Money Order, Bank Check or Draft; or, if none of them be available, by enclosing the money in a Registered Letter.

All letters referring to subscriptions should be addressed

PETER FENELON COLLIER,
No. 523 West 13th Street, New York.

Communications in reference to manuscripts, or connected with the literary department, should be addressed to "ONCE A WEEK."

Rejected manuscripts will not be returned hereafter unless stamps are forwarded with the same for return postage. Bulky manuscripts will be returned by express.

We don't want any short stories. All correspondents who send us short stories or poems will be expected to keep copies thereof. We cannot be responsible for their return.

JULIUS CHAMBERS **EDITOR**

For minister to Russia—ALEXANDER K. MCCLURE, of Philadelphia. See if we do not guess it.

THE workmen at Homestead have been starved into submission, but the facts in the case have not changed.

JAMES J. CORBETT has bought thirty-three thousand dollars' worth of New York City property near High Bridge. He is a wise pugilist who saves his money in the days of his youth.

HOW FORTUNATE it was that the comet took a peep our way after, rather than before, the election. To be sure, it is not much of a comet so far, and is not likely to be—not what you might call "a yard wide, all wool" comet, and people do not carry telescopes around with them for the purpose of looking at, but it is a good enough comet to make a little post-election diversion, and our sensation-loving contemporaries of the daily press are no doubt profoundly grateful to it.

It was a condition and not a theory that, on Thanksgiving Day, confronted many of the ministers who preside over the churches in New York. The Yale-Princeton football engagement at Manhattan Field threatened to seriously interfere with the attendance at church. The Rev. Dr. PAXTON, one of the most practical and sensible parsons in the metropolis, frankly admitted the superiority of the sporting attraction and closed his church. Many other ministers opened service at an early hour in the forenoon, so that they should not be placed in competition—and could go to the game themselves. Several of the old-liners, however, stuck to their guns and preached to half-filled houses. It was very interesting to read in the daily papers the many opinions expressed on the subject by the various preachers of the Gospel.—Yale, 12; Princeton, 0.

THE next great sensation of this country will arrive by way of Washington, early in December. The Fifty-second Congress will then sit in its second, final and short session, closing its existence March 4th, when Mr. CLEVELAND will assume the American purple. We cannot look for much legislation except what concerns the expenses of the government. All legislation that will arise in this session, or that is carried over from the last, and that does not finally become law, will die March 4th.

The time will be too short to take up any very important measures expressive of the sentiments of the people as revealed at the last election, and to reach any results regarding them. The great questions of tariff, silver and bank currency will have to await the action of the Fifty-third Congress, either in special or regular session.

WHEN the finest police force in the world ask for day and night sticks, they may whistle, now. The entire

metropolitan force of New York, on the recommendation of Superintendent BYRNES, are now furnished by the Police Board with a nickel whistle two inches long, and a billy. They cost the officer eighty cents, and are very ordinary-looking toys. How they will work on the gas-house and stable gangs of the metropolis is yet to be seen, and perhaps felt, by "the finest." The whistle must be kept dry, and the billy in a small side pocket. We hope the billy is big, for its size.

DON'T LOSE ANY SLEEP.

AND, alas! are we to be disappointed in what the astronomers so confidently promised us?

There is nothing narrow or contracted about the diversion, as well as alarm, afforded by a comet. The Republicans cannot rejoice, and the Democrats look sad, nor vice versa. The East and the West, the North and the South, cannot divide on the merits of its coming. It makes little difference to the rich and poor. Nobody can buy it up or go short on it. If it brushes the earth and leaves a piece of itself here in the shape of gaseous nebula, or of something more substantial, we cannot eat or drink it.

It is true that out in Kentucky a meteor did strike the earth, and the man who found it put it in his wagon and sold it to a college for sixty-five dollars. Then comes around the man on whose farm it was found, and seeks to get judgment for its value, on the ground that it was part of his real estate, that it had been placed there by an act of God, that he was entitled to it. He recovered judgment for the amount it had been sold for. But no such curios are likely to come from BIELA's or any other comet this year.

There is one respect in which a comet defies civilization. Neither the *Daily Scream*, nor any of its congeners in Europe, Africa or Otaheite can get an ubiquitous reporter aboard of it, and serve us up before breakfast magnificent statements of where it came from, where it is going to and whether or not it proposes to make any trouble in our little mundane affairs, which may seem of no great importance from day to day, but which suddenly become so if anything threatens to "knock the spots" out of them altogether. The German philosopher, SCHOPENHAUER, who died not very long ago, had such a poor idea of life that he seriously advanced the theory that all mankind might as well commit suicide, and in this way put an end to human misery altogether. According to this idea, how desirable it would be to have a comet come to the earth, "head on," forty thousand miles in diameter, with a tail extending into space several million miles, the whole thing making a huge battering-ram, and turning the earth itself and everything on it into cosmic dust, and only adding in a very little degree to the importance of the comet!

But we think that neither SCHOPENHAUER nor any other philosopher could get much encouragement from Biela or another comet in this way. It is well known that the comets appear from every quarter of the heavens. They may come perpendicular or at any angle of inclination to the orbit of the earth. They are very different from the planets, the latter traveling in nearly parallel orbits. Certainly there is no comet the plane of whose orbit is the same as that of the earth. The radius of the earth's orbit is about ninety-two millions of miles, and from this, by a simple mathematical calculation, we can find out the superficial area of a sphere in which the orbit of the earth is located. Dividing this by the space occupied by the earth and a comet, taking their combined diameters at 40,000 miles, and we will have as a result that a comet that comes within the orbit of the earth will have one chance in 66,125,000 of striking it. And very few comets, particularly those making the most brilliant appearance, come within the orbit of the earth, and so stand no chance at all of striking it.

Hence we may conclude that we and our descendants have an excellent prospect for longevity so far as comets are concerned, and that we need not rush to our insurance office for a policy because of Biela or any other such picturesque but wholly harmless visitant.

CAPITAL VS. THE SLUMS.

A NEW residence quarter has just been opened up on the West Side of New York. Modern dwellings will be erected thereon for the use of people of some means who are not able to own New York real estate. But where is the residence quarter for the honest and decent working people of the great city who are at present paying extortionate rent for the privilege of being crowded into tenements not fit for human beings to live in? Where is the land of promise upon which idle capital in New York and our other large cities will erect comfortable homes for the workingman where every home will be a house? That land is in the suburbs. It is now lying in useless, run-out farms and "made-soil" gardens. It is the only breathing-place for the honest man who works in the city. It is the only refuge for himself, wife and babies from the moral and physical contamination of the human rats who cannot be driven out of the cellars, garrets and filth of the

large buildings and noisome alleys of the city. In the suburbs of our large cities should be the residence quarter of the American workman of the future who will own his own little home.

It will pay capital to open up these suburbs, as investments—not as speculations. No man but a criminal is fit to live ten families on one floor. The pure and honest cannot live that way and remain so, very long. Do capitalists want healthy and honest and contented employees in the future? If they do, they must get them away from the tyranny of the corner grocery, the butchers' trust, the "mixed-ale" millionaire and the "apartment" landlord.

Get these honest and decent men and their wives and babies out into the suburbs! Let them live and breathe. Give them a place to stay. They are willing to pay capital a reasonable profit for the little house and lot. What else does capital want?

Who is making money out of the crowded city tenement? First, the owner, then every other kind of business that fattens on small savings. The man who sells a scuttle of coal at the rate of fifteen or twenty dollars a ton; the brewer and the liquor store man who supplement lack of food and bad food with artificial stimulants; the small grocer and furnisher who sell worthless goods for high prices to poor people whose business sagacity is cramped with hunger and unclean surroundings, and all the other needless and destructive forms of business which fatten at the expense of the poor in crowded tenement quarters, as any observant person may see with his own eyes every day in the year if he will but go and look for himself. But the reputable capitalist is losing money all this time. There is no waste of energy in the tenement-house among the workpeople that does not affect investments in Wall Street. True, capital can make up this loss. Capital does make good the loss to itself. But why should it permit the slums to invade the business quarters? The misery and despair of the poor man struggling is a constant menace of anarchy. It is a sure factor in bad government. It places the unprincipled capitalist, the slum and tenement millionaire at the head of the city government.

Let reputable capitalists wake up. Strike at the root of the evil. Give honest, decent workmen and their wives and babies suburban homes to pay for. Down with the tenement! Take out those who want to leave. Let the rest stay. The police can take care of them.

Then, to get the real workman to and from his work, give him rapid transit. He can pay his fare, and get to his work in time in the morning.

WE congratulate REUBEN B. DAVENPORT, editor of the *New Haven News*, upon the final laying of the ghost of a calumny that has followed him for several years, owing to an inaccurate or malicious statement made by Captain CHARLES KING in one of his Western novels. Captain KING, in a flippant manner, remarked that Mr. DAVENPORT, when a *New York Herald* correspondent with General CROOK, had shown the white feather in the presence of the red enemy. HARPER Brothers, who were issuing the book, omitted the offensive passage. A journal in Hartford recently revamped and repeated the old story; a libel suit followed, and the Hartford editor has retracted in the most complete and unequivocal way. Nobody who knew Mr. DAVENPORT ever believed anything of the kind about him. In every army camp there are jealousies, and cliques of men who spend their leisure time in concocting scandals that will make their companions unhappy. Mr. DAVENPORT was a victim of what at first was regarded as a joke, but ultimately became a very serious matter to him. We are glad that he has made another of those editors, who believe in befouling the newspaper nest, hide his head in shame.

THE anarchists are again giving trouble in France. A cabinet crisis was precipitated on the question of the liberty of the press. Votes of confidence have been asked and refused on several important questions. The foreign policy and the Panama Canal are creating tumultuous scenes in the Chamber of Deputies. The overthrow of the Ministry is expected, if it has not already occurred, as these lines are read. Altogether, her republican clothes do not seem to fit our sister republic. The French people are like some public men say we are, anxious for a change because it is a change. A republic should have all its changes provided for in the constitution, and the people's demand for a change, within the constitutional limits, should be based upon the idea of a change only when needed.

AFRICAN EXPLORER CHAILLU claims to have had twenty-two thousand proposals of marriage from Dark Continent belles, and he is still heart-whole and fancy-free. Leap year seems to be livelier in Africa than it is here, or we have a great many young Chaillus. Which is it, girls?

SCHOOL COMMISSIONER MORIARTY, of New York, in a wager with Civil Justice Fallon, estimated Gilroy's majority over Einstein for mayor in the recent election at one hundred thousand. Now he has had to pay for a dinner to the civil justice and several others that cost one hundred dollars a plate. Rich victuals, those.

A WEEK OF THE WORLD.

WHATEVER may be the merits or demerits of any special conflict between labor and capital, the contestants ought to count the cost before going into the fight, unless they are willing to be laughed at or sworn at by all observers. The difficulty between employers and employed at Homestead began nearly half a year ago; it has cost each side a large amount of money, to say nothing of the expense to the State, incurred by turning out the militia to preserve the peace; beside all this, some thousands of dollars' worth of good paper and ink have been consumed by the newspapers in printing reports of the difficulty, yet the upshot of it all is that both sides are calling themselves bad names, and they are no nearer an amicable understanding than they were before. Each side insisted that it was standing upon principle, as probably it was, yet the most that either has to show, as results of the fight, is the conviction, which it won't admit aloud, that enlightened self-interest on one side, or both, would have entirely prevented the quarrel.

There has long been difference of opinion as to what is the favorite outdoor diversion of Americans, though the truth should be plainly evident that to be part of a crowd, the larger the better, stands far above everything else. Anyone who doubts it should attend one of the great football games; the questions which are asked on all sides show that not more than one person in four knows the game well enough to follow it, and it is quite plain that not a greater proportion tries to observe it closely; as for those who really see it intelligently, they number, perhaps, one in a hundred. Yet days before the Thanksgiving Day game between the Yale and Princeton teams there was a frantic rush for tickets; the whole number issued—twenty-five thousand—was unequal to the demand. If so large a number of people, thousands of whom were women, chose to sit out of doors several hours on a raw November day, with looking at one another and the crowd as their principal diversion, it was their own affair, and no one has any right to complain; but it isn't the square thing to attribute the immense attendance to love of football.

The new attorney-general of the State of Montana is a woman. I forbear to anticipate any of the jokes which the professional humorists will soon make, but have no hesitation in saying that, as the new official is said to be young, pretty and also level-headed, there is at last a chance for woman to prove the equality which has long been claimed for her by some of her sex, and that there is no better place for such an experiment than a new State.

While a lot of editors and philanthropists are wondering what is to become of the Indians of Alaska, in the increasing frequency of their encounters with white men, the government has quietly solved the problem by introducing about two hundred reindeer. The trouble of all American Indians, as whites encroach upon their territory, is that the game, on which they subsist, is either killed off or frightened away, and the redskins must either starve or steal, the last-named condition implying a deplorable amount of fighting and killing. Indians with proper food supply never make trouble. Across Behring's Straits, in Siberia, some redskins, about as wild as our own, live peaceably by the aid of their reindeer herds; if the animals are domesticated in Alaska, where all the conditions are similar to those of Siberia, the nation will be spared some meaner Indian wars than it ever yet has had, and the natives will slowly become civilized. A full stomach is an absolute requisite to civilization.

The latest competition in endurance is one which will strike terror to the hearts of all peace-loving people—it is piano-playing. The contestants were a lady and gentleman, and, so far as courtesy goes, it is pleasing to record that the lady won. But if any more of this sort of thing is going on the general public will want their windows and doors, as well as their floors, double-deadened to exclude noise. Isn't it about time for American cities to adopt the Municipal law which has for some time been in force in the city of Berlin, prohibiting any piano practice, which is not strictly playing, after the hour of 10 A. M. ? In the early hours of the morning, when everyone is hard at work himself—or herself—a little superfluous noise is not noticeable, but when piano-playing gets down to the level of physical endurance, then mental endurance has a right to cry a halt.

The Western young women who recently left their college in a body rather than endure the foul air which made their classrooms offensive, deserve a vote of thanks from the community everywhere, and they also have set a commendable example. For some reason which no one understands, except, perhaps, Satan, schoolrooms are the worst ventilated buildings in the United States. The lowest order of barrooms are wholesome by comparison. Whenever complaints are made, everyone in authority shifts the blame upon someone else. But the fact remains, and just as offensive as ever. Next the schoolrooms the deadliest, most sickening air encountered within four walls is in churches, and it would not be a bad idea for afflicted congregations to take pattern after the Western young women and get up and go out en masse. The Gospel, in itself, is all right; the more people get of it the better; but they want it pure, which it never can be when it has to pass through a great body of foul air before it reaches the hearers.

When the next session of Congress should be called, is a subject which is agitating editors and politicians of all parties; but if anything could bring about an earlier date for the assembling of our national legislature the country at large would be the gainer. When early December was set as the time for beginning Congressional deliberations it was because nearly all members of both Houses were agriculturists and could not safely leave their farms at an earlier date. But farmers are scarce in Congress nowadays, and such of them as succeed in being elected can as

well leave home at one season as another. All that Congress does in December, in our times, is to get together, compare notes and adjourn for the Christmas holidays, so business in earnest does not begin until some time after New Years. If the session began in October, or even November, enough could be done to give the members something besides politics to think about during the holiday vacation. This isn't a question of tariff or currency; it is one of common sense and national welfare, and ought to be treated accordingly.

New Jersey is agitating itself as to whether there shouldn't be brought back from the past the whipping-post as a place of punishment for wife-beaters. The only argument thus far advanced against the old and savage custom is that a man who has been publicly flogged never has any spirit and manliness afterward. But on the other side it is claimed, and apparently with a great deal of truth, that any man who will beat his wife has no spirit or manliness to lose anyway. Should the old law be re-enacted, it would be well to have it reinforced with an important amendment: the person who administers the flogging in any such case should be a woman. Women are not especially fond of appearing publicly in matters that attract large crowds, but some of the sex who are as good as any living, and also as modest, would cheerfully waive all scruples for the sake of doing justice to any fellow so mean as to raise his hand against his wife.

The recent reunion of the Salvation Army in New York opened the eyes of all scoffers to the resolute energy of this earnest body of men and women. If the statements made by the speakers are to be accepted as doctrines of their faith, the followers of General Booth regard him as a leader, inspired directly from the Almighty, who is to be implicitly and unquestioningly obeyed. This is a very radical view to advance, because most people have doubts that God delegates such authority to men in these days. Some sketches, made by special artists, will be found on another page. The figure of General Booth is a very striking one, and much of his language is more forcible than elegant.

The Senate of the United States has a new anxiety on its mind. Such of the members as are not troubled with fears about someone going out of office have had enough to worry them during the recent political upturning, but none of the political questions before them is half so startling as the possibility that the State of Kansas may elect a woman to the Senate. It is not that there is any uncertainty as to the politics of the possible new Senator; but should she be elected, what are they to do with her? The principal business of the Senate is transacted in committee rooms. But the members cannot expect a feminine member to smoke, or drink, or swear, or go out after the session for "a little game" somewhere; and, worse still, her presence will prevent any of the male members from indulging in these time-honored customs. Should Mrs. Lease really be sent to the Senate, such members whose terms are expiring will have an unexpected consolation if they fail to be re-elected.

Once more a man has turned up who professes to heal the sick and other afflicted people by a mere touch and the power of prayer, after the manner of the Apostles. Such men have appeared in all climes, ages and churches, and a great many of them have sometimes succeeded in doing what they professed. They have puzzled the faithful quite as much as the doubters, and probably no other class of human beings have so thoroughly perplexed bishops and other spiritual shepherds; but if they can do even a tithe of what they pretend, they are quite welcome to go on, if they are able to stand the consequences. Certainly those who are healed won't call them bad names.

So the comet, instead of being an old acquaintance, hurrying toward us with an energy which began to frighten some people, is merely a nameless tramp of the skies, bent only on getting out of sight as quickly as possible! Well, this isn't the first time that science has been



OLD WEATHERWAX—"Whew! the comet has a cat in it."

"A little too previous." Science means well, but when it chances to be in too much of a hurry and gets off of the track it has to do some very awkward floundering to get back again.

JOHN HABBERTON.

MR. CLEVELAND'S GUNNING TRIP TO BROADWATER ISLAND.

AFTER the excitement of the campaign Mr. Grover Cleveland, President-elect of the United States, felt the need of quiet and rest. He was beset by office-seekers, by invitations to public dinners and by friends who wanted to "advise" him. He made his escape, on November 22d, into a land where the spirit of the sportsman never tires and the place-hunter is not. The genial L. Clark Davis, of Philadelphia, was his pilot, and Exmore the station at which they left the railway.

The Broadwater Island Club, of which Mr. Davis is a member, is an exclusive coterie of wealthy Philadelphians, located in a very quaint and interesting region on the Chesapeake. A special artist of ONCE A WEEK accompanied the President-elect, and we are thus enabled to present views of the locality.

It now lacks only fifteen years of a full trio of centuries since the redoubtable Captain John Smith, who stands canonized—at least, in Virginia—came drifting, with Captain Christopher Newport and certain other venturers, along the uncharted shoals in front of the Virginia peninsula, and, with better fortune than that attending many a modern voyager, cleared the dangerous coast, passing between the jaws of the capes and through the estuary of the James River, to cast anchor just where, nearly three decades ago, was fought the most important naval combat of modern times.

The description of this region, as penned by the energetic and observant Smith, stands, in the main, equally well for to-day: "There is only one entrance by sea into this country, and that is at the mouth of a very goodly bay, eighteen or twenty miles broad. The cape at the south is called Cape Henry, in honor of our most noble prince. The land is white, hilly sands, like unto the Downs, and all along the shores are a great plenty of pines and firs. The north cape is called Charles, in honor of the worthy Duke of York. The island before it is named Smith's Island, the name of its discoverer. Within is a country that may have the prerogative over the most pleasant places known for large and navigable rivers. Heaven and earth never agreed better to frame a place for man's habitation were it fully inhabited by an industrious people. In the bays and rivers are many islands, great and small. Some are woody, some are plain and most of them low and uninhabited."

Captain John Smith was right. Old Point Comfort has become a fashionable resort. Newport News, where once the camps of a great army whitened the untilled fields, has developed into a grain and coal terminal and a vast shipbuilding city; but Northampton County, over upon the cape, which shields this genial region from the rigor of the sea winds, is almost unknown to the outside world, which only traverses it, generally at dawn or after dark, in hurrying Pullman cars to and from its town of Cape Charles, and recalls it as a trucking patch famous for early strawberries and abundant peaches. Fully half of this maritime corner of the Old Dominion is a maze of channels and islands upon its oceanward side, wherein the hunting and the fishing is altogether delightful, and the amphibious population are still so primitive in their ways that they are actually contented with the plenty which the sea and the soil readily affords them.

The greatest of these island-gifts bays is the Broadwater, and its most hospitable island hovered twelve miles away to the eastward, like a phantom in the morning radiance, as the distinguished guest, Mr. Cleveland, and his party, embarking upon the steam-yacht *Sunshine* at Exmore Landing, swiftly left the little Machipongo River behind and threaded among the myriad oyster beds of the open bay.

Like many another early voyager along this stormy coast, Mr. Cleveland's eyes were set upon the dark forest that rose above Broadwater Island, where breakfast awaited him.

The Broadwater Club House stands in the midst of a pine woodland, and its most important functionary (not even excepting Captain J. L. Ferrell, the resident owner and lord of the manor) is the dusky cook, Joe, who knows no peer when it comes to broiling a canvas-back or baking a Spanish mackerel. Between the clubhouse and the sea are lofty sand drifts, a wind-break in the shelter of which are several cottages built by the members. Out upon the sands is the candle-like light tower. Two miles down the shore is a life-saving station, and over upon the bay side, along a sandy bit of road, twenty or more families of the native population are scattered.

Mr. Cleveland did not go shooting on Thanksgiving Day. The weather was very bad, and the President-elect passed most of the morning strolling about Broadwater Island. The afternoon he spent in the cottage in which he is quartered. Messrs. Cleveland, Davis, Jefferson and Perrell ate their Thanksgiving dinner at five o'clock. All the guests retired early, and had the ducks known what was in store for them, they would have migrated southward. At daylight of Friday wild fowl were passing overhead in large flocks.

The Broadwater Club numbers about thirty prominent citizens of Philadelphia, and membership guarantees to them the exclusive shooting and fishing rights of the island. From January until June, the steam-yacht is in constant use, for it is only seven or eight hours at most between Broad street station and one of Joe's incomparable breakfasts.

The business of oyster planting occupies a large fleet of craft that lends the Broadwater a certain picturesque air on week days, but on a Sunday it is as wanting in visible life as when Captain Smith sailed by, for these islanders are great sticklers for the strict observance of the Sabbath. That is the day to sit upon the leeward slope of Rum Hill, a vast heap of sand, and gaze out over the blue ocean, streaked here and there with breakers curling over the shoals where many a noble ship whose bleaching ribs break the monotony of the beach has met its fate.



AN INGÉNUÉ.

[Specially drawn for ONCE A WEEK by Charles C. Curran.]

A PAINTER OF PRETTY WOMEN.

So long as art thrives and men permit themselves emotions, painters will continue to picture on canvas the forms and faces of fair women. It is no new thing to say that the art of the world owes its existence to the inspiration of woman's beauty. Primeval man doubtless whiled his idle hours away in tracing on the bark of trees or in the yielding sand rude profiles of his more shapely mate. Since these dawn-days of the race the masculine mind has not lost a whit of its appreciation for the graces of a comely woman. On the contrary, no type of feminine beauty can pass wholly unadmired among men. Very keenly, indeed, does the outward charms of a well-molded figure or the pleasing contour of a pretty face appeal to every artistic eye.

Probably none of the younger artists of the day is more affected by the sight of a modern Diana or a petticoated Venus than that clever painter of prettiness, Charles C. Curran. In the depiction of women and children this man is always successful, which is granting him very high praise indeed, every word of which, however, he deserves. He may object to the term a painter of prettiness, for he has done much largely conceived and vigorously executed brush-work in landscape and still-life. But an artist is known quite as much by the quan-

tity as by the quality of successfully treated subjects which have passed across his easel. Mr. Curran is an artist of lively conscience; he does not attempt to cover up bad drawing by mere forcefulness and originality in the application of pigments to canvas.

Clever handling, a good combination of colors and composition having in it something of novelty and more of interest are the prime essentials of a praiseworthy painting. Mr. Curran is responsible for many praiseworthy paintings. The fact that he is young in years has not prevented him from accomplishing some truly notable brush-works. High above his technical skill is this artist's gift for minute observation wedded to rare powers of generalization. I have in mind a frameful of out-of-door studies done by this man, which may put a point on the last statement. The artist selected the corner of a meadow, a clump of bushes and a tiny brook, and with the aid of a few pigments and two or three brushes he has wrung a marvel from this unpromising theme. The meadow patch, the bushes and the brook are presented to us by the artist as they appeared at various times and in changing seasons. Clothed in its Winter garb this slice of landscape is as unlike its own Spring or mid-Summer aspect as the scenic splendor of a sunset at sea is unlike the same thing seen through lenses of varied hue and clearness.

Very aptly has the artist been described as an intelligent person, who, by nature or training, is accustomed to see things correctly, and, having accurately ob-

served, fixes with skillful pencil or brush that which passed before his eyes. Some depicitors of the beautiful are extremely talented in seeing what is most pleasing in absolute Nature, and in presenting just what they see and nothing more; they are the shackled slaves of their physical vision. There are others, who live by artcraft, who have eyes in their brains, who see visions with closed eyelids and compose great pictures in the dark.

A good deal of the merits of both these classes of artists is found in the personal make-up of Charles Curran. He is a dreamer no less than he is a stickler for realism. He can paint a willow-tree or a spotted cow as they appear to the normal eye, and to the full satisfaction of the naturalist, or he can throw on canvas the perfect reflection of a poet's dream; strange fancies, figures of unearthly form and beauty glowing gently with refined but positive color. If versatility is a virtue, as most people agree, Mr. Curran is an unusually virtuous painter. And he is something more; he is a man of talent who has not clamored in the crowd for general recognition and cheap newspaper notoriety. He has the courage to do only good work, and the patience to let his achievements in art advertise his ability.

Mr. Curran's pictures are not without faults—as you may have been led to believe—and some of them pretty bad ones, too. But nothing would be gained by a recapitulation here of the artist's errors. His mistakes on canvas only help one to better appreciate his perfections of the brush, on the same principle of human nature that we like our friends better after having quarreled with them once or twice. Being a modest man, as I have said, Mr. Curran would not thank me if I grew prolix over this sketch of him. For this best of reasons, then, let it be recorded in a final phrase that being rarely talented, Charles C. Curran does not believe himself a great genius; being conscientious in his method, he does not assume that he is the only strictly honest man in art; with a graceful brush, a fertile imagination and a fine capacity for work, he is willing to be judged by the output of his intelligence and industry alone, and does not cry to heaven for a recognition of qualities which are not in his possession. This much cannot be said of every American artist. But then one does not look for absolute perfection in any of the progressive professions, much less in the protean pursuit of art.

PERRITON MAXWELL.

THE DUEL.

THEY stood in a secluded portion of Central Park as the day dawned red over the housetops. Twenty paces was the distance, and in their delicate hands they held each a massive Colt's revolver such as were used in the days when men had muscles of iron and hearts of steel.

Dickey Doolittle and Cholly Chapleigh were to fight a duel to the death—with blank cartridges.

She was the cause.

She is always the cause. Alas and ah me! as DeWolf Hopper would say.

John L. Pugilist and Colonel Bloodyblood, of the real, regular United States Army, were the seconds, and each wore a grim, determined smile, a frock-coat and a pair of trousers. Colonel Bloodyblood also wore a collar.

A unique arrangement (patented by Colonel Bloodyblood), called the Dude's Dueling Assistant, held each of the combatants in place. It looked something like a straight-jacket attachment to a derrick. It also kept their hands from shaking and recorded on a register the pulsations of their hearts.

"Are youse riddy?" asked J. L., in a Chesterfieldian manner.

"We are," answered the two automatic voice attachments to the D. D. Assistant, in a deep, guttural tone.

"Fire!" shouted J. L.

"Bang!" went the two revolvers.

"Didn't either of them know what killed them," was the sotto voce and au fait remark of Colonel Bloodyblood.

"But," interposed the frightened surgeon, who was present for purposes of propriety only, "they are both dead. I understood that this was to be a duel with blank cartridges, according to the strict society custom and the practice of all gentlemen. You will be arrested for murder."

"Not much," replied Colonel Bloodyblood, proffering a chew of tobacco and a sinister smile to J. L. "They were only duds. We shall receive the thanks of Congress and the gate receipts at the Madison Square Garden. My D. D. Assistant is the greatest civilizing agent known to men."

So they all crooked their elbows and were happy for a long, long time.

TOM HALL.

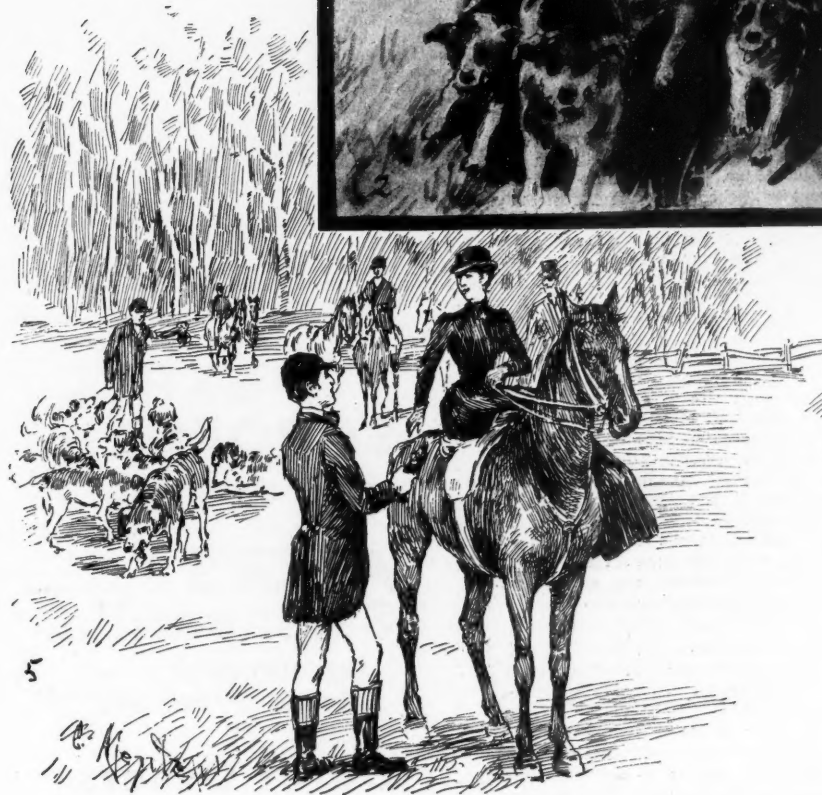
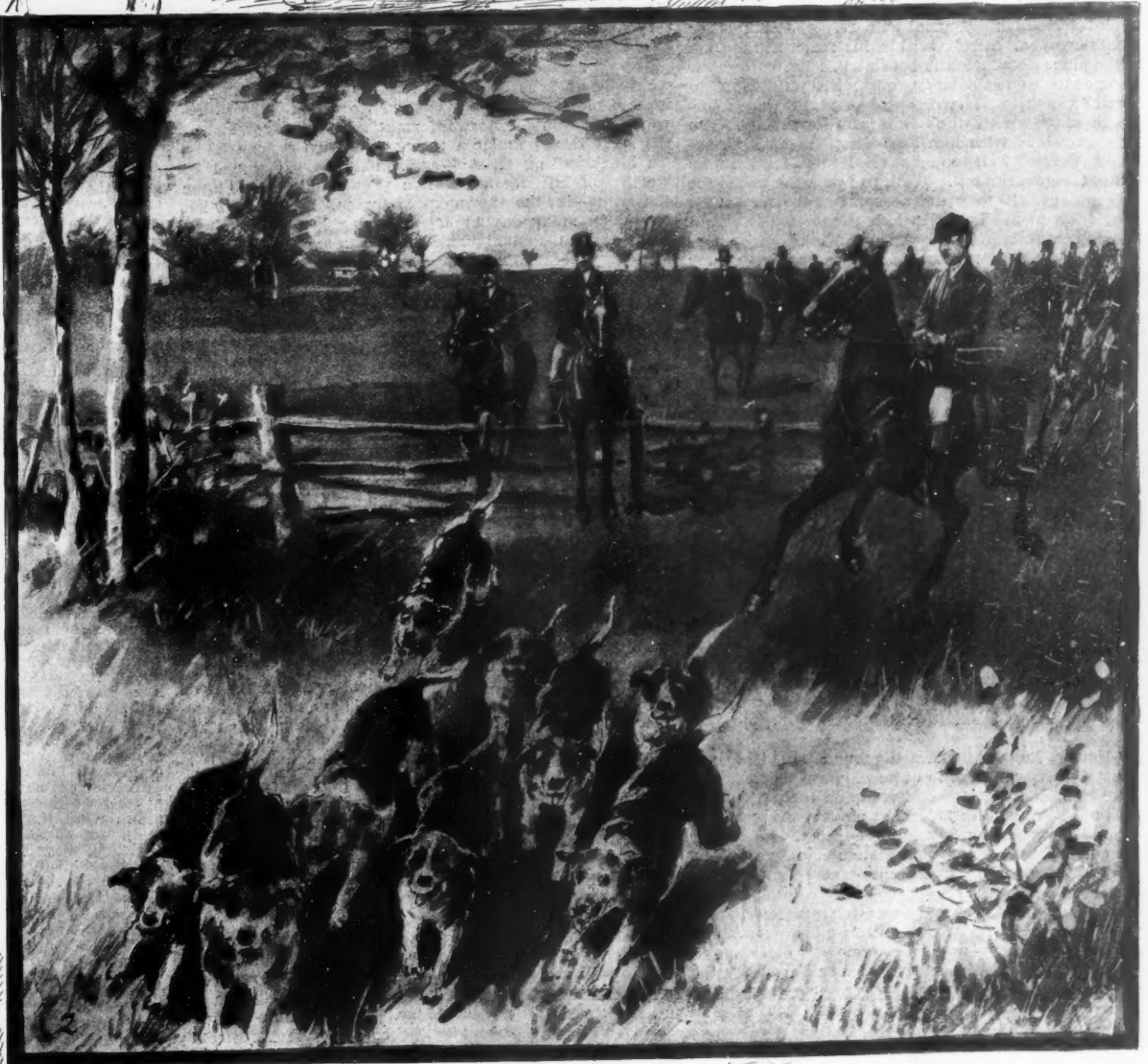
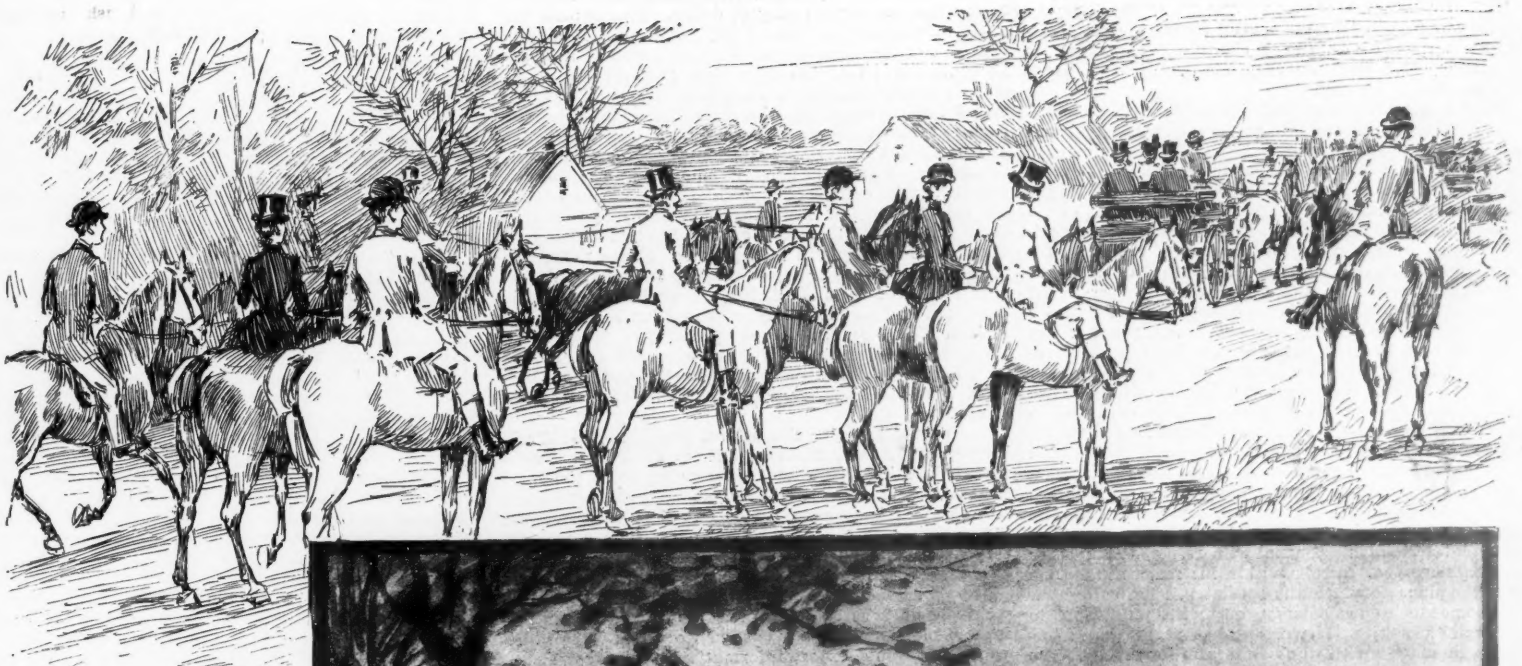
ASTRAY IN NOLAND.

I know of a region all beauty and light,
A country of brightness and bloom,
Where frosts never fall with their withering blight,
Nor storms with their warfare can come;
Where skies of the sunniest, rosiest hue
Irradiate verdure that's gemmed with the dew,
Where warmth and where fragrance and melody dwell
In harmony sweeter than language can tell.

I know of a castle the grandest e'er seen,
Alight in and out with a splendorous sheen;
Whose halls are festooned with pleasure's gay wreaths,
And luxury's sighs are the air that one breathes;
Where the footstep may glide without echo or sound
Along corridor, chamber or stair,
Where laughter and merriment softly resound
Thro' the music that floats on the air.

I know of a life whose existence is bliss—
Born of fantasy, love and of youth,
Of a castle that's oped with a lover's first kiss—
The abode of enchantment, forsooth!
And it's all in a land may be entered sometime,
A beauteous, joyous and mystical clime,
Enveloped in mists and in visions, messeme—
The bright realm of fancy—the fair Land of Dreams!

MARIA NEWTON MARSHALL.



1—On the way to the "Meet."

2—In full cry.

3—"He took a cropper."

4—The Whip.

5—The Finish, awarding the brush.

WITH THE MEADOW BROOK HUNT.—[See page 13.]

CHATS ON JOURNALISM.

VII.—THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF TO-DAY.—(iii.)

NOW LET us consider the special correspondent of to-day: *First*, As to his duty to the journal he serves and its constituency—for their interests are identical; *Second*, As to his duty to himself.

He who clings to the old traditions of journalism would no doubt suggest that the first division be made to read: "His duty to the great public."

We say, "No." This is one of those ideas that evolution in journalism is fast wearing out and that the next generation will smile at. "The great public" is of no value whatever so far as you are concerned. Your audience is found among comparatively few of the fifty millions of people in this country. A journal of even one hundred thousand circulation represents only a very small fraction of "the great public" who are going about their business whether you are successful or not, whether you are happy or miserable, whether you, the special correspondent of the mightiest journal of the spheres, are bound on a voyage of ease or of desperate danger. The public is inclined to be indifferent, cold, not to say sneering, in its appreciation. Let the special correspondent attend to his direct and immediate responsibilities—to his journal and its patrons—and he will have done well.

Pre-eminently, then, we shall say, his duty is to get the information he is sent for, and equally clear is the expectation on the part of his employer that he must protect the interests of his journal with respect to any other species of news that may be within his reach at the time and at the place to which the special mission calls him. What comes to his net belongs, *not* to the public, but to the journal he serves. If worthy of print, he should forward it, no matter with whose interests it conflicts. The only two questions with him are: *First*, Is the information true? *Second*, Is it important? Its publication may embarrass the government. Well, so much the worse for the government. It may defeat some more important purpose of his own. Then, let him pause; for it would be the height of folly to get himself banished from a country for exposing a petty quarrel among a ministry, for example, that he had good reasons for believing would be followed by a declaration of war against a neighboring State. Let him wait for the big event. This principle of private policy will be considered under the head of Discretion, a topic that we hope to hereafter treat without any mawkish sentimentality and without allowing any elements of real selfishness to obtrude further than the laudable desire for success.

Therefore, *get the news!* If it be a State secret, the State is doubtless striving to guard it in exactly the same manner that the great mass of mankind is struggling to prevent the individual from acquiring wealth. The press owes the same fidelity to the government that other trades and professions do—and no more. The *New York Tribune* some years ago defined in two sentences the responsibility of the newspaper to the government. Its answer to the charge made on the floor of the United States Senate, that the early publication of the Treaty of Washington had interfered with public policy, was: "It is the duty of the government to keep its secrets; it is the *duty* of our correspondents to get us the news."

This sounds well, but when the *Herald* intercepted a message from the editor of the *Tribune* to Colonel John Hay and published it, Editor Reid called people bad names.

This dictum, however, raises the true issue. The duty of a special correspondent is quite as plain as that of a public official, and no want of fidelity on the part of the latter should be quoted in judgment against the man who performs his task thoroughly and honorably. Whenever a clever correspondent outwits a State official, we hear a deal of talk about "dignity" and "the public good." It's nonsense!

There is more falsehood and deception practiced every year at each court of Europe—and at our own national capital, for that matter—under the name of "diplomacy" than ever has been, will be, or could be employed by the

combined newspaper press of the civilized world. There has not been any holy dispensation that grants absolution to governments for a policy of deceit. Find a man who still believes in "the divine right" of kings. It may be easy to convince him that the chief executive of a republic cannot err; that our own State Department, for instance, has no chapters in its history that will not bear telling for other than politic reasons. Ananias was struck dead because he was a bad *diplomatist*.

It is a great mistake for the journalist in any capacity to take the government upon his shoulders. Let the public official who calls a correspondent bad names remember the old common law maxim that "he who asks redress must come with clean hands." Set him the example of business fidelity and promptitude. Never make any mistake on this point. Man's equality is equity. Let the government or the alleged civilized world howl. If you have anything that is really news and has been acquired by honorable search, it is your property as the agent of the journal you serve and is not to be turned over to anybody but the rightful owner. Protect it with your life; print it and let the consequences take care of themselves!

It was the habit of the federal government at Washington, during the darkest days of the Civil War, to summon before it correspondents returning from the front with the latest details of the conflict, which they had, in many instances, gathered at the risk of their lives. This information was often demanded of them in a peremptory and arbitrary manner, and a disinclination on the part of any of them to part with the property of their employers was met with the threat of imprisonment, or, what was quite as bad, delay that would render the perishable merchandise they carried worthless. The newspaper that would extort information or money (which is the same thing) under a threat would be denounced as "a blackmailing sheet"—and justly so. It would be worthy of all the execration that people heap upon the crime—in the newspaper, for we all know that it is done every day by the directing heads of governments, who threaten war, lay imposts and buy information wherever it is to be had.

This opens up one of the niceties of the business—the exercise of discretion. Tact and judgment are required to successfully conduct a corner grocery. The shopkeeper must not overload his shelves too far in advance of the rate of consumption; he must prepare to meet his obligations as they fall due, etc.; so the journalist must know *when* to use the information he has with the most telling effect. What would pass unnoticed to-day will take every reader by the ears to-morrow. Conversely, news that may be worth a thousand dollars to-night will not sell for a cent at daylight—because it will then be news no longer.

The demands upon a newspaper writer's discretion are often greater than can be met by the most extensive experience. That's the point where *genius* is worth all "the schools of journalism," all the experience of a lifetime! The writer must be able to calculate the effect of every sentence—or every allegation of fact and of every deduction therefrom, as it will appear in cold type. He must be the reader at the same moment that he is the writer. He must gauge the limit of reasonableness. The rights of private individuals are not by any manner of means all laid down in Blackstone. The reader of a newspaper, for instance, has a *right* to do his own thinking. The criminal has a *right* to be punished, though the courts will not allow a man guilty of homicide to be hanged just because he demands it in preference to a life imprisonment. It is the *right* of an editor or correspondent, so long as he evades the statutory penalties for libel, to make himself an Ishmaelite, to raise his hand against his fellow-men. It is done in trade, often, and it is sad to say, generally with success. Aside from any ethical consideration, the question to be answered is, Does it pay? Is it the policy of discretion? We do not believe it is.

Those who read this page and behold with their mind's eye the halo that presumably encircles the editorial brow—who still swear by the heavenly mission of the press—will shudder at this suggestion. They are too hasty. Though there are philosophers (Schopenhauer for instance) who argue in favor of suicide, it is generally regarded as an act of indecency. However theatrical or romantic the way in which it is effected, it can never be made popular. In the same way no philosophy can ever induce mankind to part with a leg. There is a prejudice in favor of two legs. The most indulgent constituency of any journal will tire of a mental diet of wormwood and bitter aloes. Readers of newspapers have been known to weary of the belief that the editors were the only honest men in a community. Therefore, if you are willing to risk commercial hari-kari, go ahead with open eyes. It is just possible the other fellows may kill themselves first, or that the last trumpet may sound when your bank account is exhausted.

But how much better to take the sunny side of life.

The right of the journal to attack abuses in public office is that of the private citizen. Its resources may be greater, the effects of its blows may be more telling and the benefits of its reforms made known to and felt by a larger circle of persons than any one individual could reach. How much greater, then, the demands upon the

discretion of the editor and correspondent as to what shall be said and what left unsaid! The remarks of a lawyer in court are privileged—probably so because some judge who had been a free lance himself uttered the dictum. Indeed, the lawyer may say almost anything against anybody outside of his own profession—say it boldly and with impunity; but the Bench is peculiarly sensitive to its sacred personality and commits for contempt any man who dares to intimate a wrong on its part. In journalism, exactly the converse is true; but, as we shall treat of the duty of the newspaper as an agent of reform in a subsequent talk, we pass from a consideration of the purely commercial attributes of discretion to the part it plays in literary art.

The perfection of style is only attained after one has learned what should be left unwritten. Not *how* to write, so much as *how not* to write. All of which doubtless sounds very commonplace. It is not, perhaps, the manner in which Lord Kames would have approached the subject. Indeed, I may confess that I don't remember whether he advances the idea or not, but I can assure you that I discovered, twelve years ago, that the reporter or correspondent who kept Kames's "Elements" at his elbow was notoriously slow with his copy. Soberly, it is the unwritten part of every narrative that indicates the art of the correspondent. Not that truth must ever be sacrificed for the sake of dramatic interest; but, rather, for the reason that a writer *should not* introduce a blemish in his work for *no other reason than that it is true*. If it be essential to the story, nothing should keep the most awkward truth out of a narrative. The writer will have to decide, often at a minute's notice, two questions: *First*, Is the statement of a fact absolutely essential to the narrative? *Second*, If it be essential, where can it be introduced with least injury to the work as a whole—that is to say, with greatest effect?

In the first place, the newspaper correspondent of to-day is not a Boswell. He does not write for posterity—at least, the less he does so the better correspondent he generally proves to be. He soon learns that it is quite as easy to mar the literary effect of a letter, descriptive article or narrative by too much truth as by falsehood! Imagine a correspondent, writing from Olympus, describing Jupiter wiping his mouth after a drink of small beer. The burning of Chicago has never seemed half the terrible event it actually was since Mother O'Leary's cow was associated with the event. From a literary point of view, the man who discovered Mistress O'Leary and her cow ought to go down to everlasting execration. If the careless old woman were really a personality and had a cow, and the animal started the great fire, no human command or literary impulse should have been strong enough to keep the twain out of the correspondent's narrative.

Other trivial events and inconspicuous persons have changed the world's history, as every reader of the veracious "histories" of Dumas, Scott and James can tell you. A plate of saurkraut eaten by the Duchess of Marlborough turned all England upside down. The carelessness of a king's falconer gave France a change of dynasty. So, at Chicago, the gravity of the consequences, and the mandates of truth and realism, demanded a statement of all the facts, though it may have appeared a literary iconoclasm. But (and I spell it with a very large B), if that cow really did all that damage, the special correspondents should have tempered their tale. What can be more absurd than to read five or six, aye, twenty-six columns of interesting descriptive matter filled with "shouts of firemen," the "crash of falling walls," aglow with "the lurid" (means ghastly pale) "flames"; made piteous by the "wailing of women and children fleeing for their lives," awful with its pictures of "the brave firemen on the tall ladders going down with the falling walls into the jaws of death," and stupendous because of the loss of a hundred millions of property, and then at the end, in a small paragraph, marked "Later," the words: "The fire originated in a shed in the rear of a shanty occupied by Catherine O'Leary, on Shovel Alley. Her cow overturned a kerosene lamp, setting fire to the straw, and, under a high wind, the flames soon spread."

In the name of common sense, having found Madam O'Leary, why did that correspondent omit to tell his readers the fate of the cow, and how the lamp happened to be in the shed? It may have been to light the modest animal to bed. It would have been salve to many a lacerated heart who lost all that he possessed in this world to know that that cow was dead. To have kept faith with his readers, the man who wrote of her escapade should have begun his account thus: "The greater portion of the city of Chicago, including its public buildings, its finest churches, theaters, hotels and business houses, was to-night destroyed by a fire caused by Mistress O'Leary's cow. Loss, one hundred million and thirty dollars"—thirty dollars being the price of the cow. But think of the consequences! Had this been done the shock would have been so great that every fire insurance company in the civilized world would have suspended. Not a dollar of the million of money subscribed in America and Europe for the sufferers would have been raised, Chicago never would have been rebuilt and might have become as Palmyra of the desert.

JULIUS CHAMBERS.



**A Nice
Quiet Game**
is never
Complete
without a
liberal supply of

Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco,

composed only of "pure leaf," grown in the famous Golden Belt, its uniform quality, and rich fragrant aroma recommend it to all who desire a really good smoke. No other smoking tobacco has ever been made which has secured and held the popular favor as has **Blackwell's Bull Durham**. It is now, as it has been at all times during the last 25 years, the best in the world. Made only by **BLACKWELL'S DURHAM TOBACCO CO.,** DURHAM, N. C.

TO EXPEL SCROFULA

from the system,
take

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

the standard
blood-purifier and
tonic. It

Cures Others
will cure you.

A DELIGHTFUL DIVERSION.

NOTCH carving is the simplest of all handicrafts, and requires only one tool for the work, which is a hook-bladed knife fitted into a wooden handle. The blade is about an inch and three-quarters long, and half an inch wide, tapering to the point. (See Fig. 1.) Any smith will make one to order for fifty cents, or a tool may be constructed from a shoemaker's knife by grinding to shape. (See Fig. 2.) But, preferably, Fig. 1 should be gotten, for the curve of the blade being greater, allows of more freedom of the hand, the knuckle not coming in contact with the wood.

Notch carving is a method of ornamenting surfaces, mostly with patterns of a geometrical form, by cutting notches of various shapes and sizes in the surface to be decorated. The cut is nearly always made on the slant from opposite directions, so that the bottom of each notch is merely the angle formed by the two sides. Take a piece of white wood, make two cuts about a quarter of an inch apart of any length through the surface of the wood sloping downward toward each other, whatever the angle of the cut may be, they must meet, forming a sloping notch from the surface to the bottom. (See Fig. 3.) This is all there is to the art, but the results are wonderfully effective. Of course, the design depends upon the curve, size and general arrangement of the notch.

A bench is not required to hold the work, as it must be moved about in the hands to suit any kind of a cut.

There are many ways of holding the knife, but any way in which the carver can get the most command over the tool will be the right way. Very little practice is required, and no regard need be paid after a few trials. The knife will be held naturally, no matter which way to do the work intended. Generally, the wood is held in one hand and the knife in the other, grasped firmly, and the joint of the first finger curved over the back of the blade. Another way of holding it is by grasping it with the four fingers, and resting the hand upon the work; the thumb gives the necessary support, and allows of a cut of considerable length to be made with great power and freedom of action. Cutting curves will be found more difficult. The elbows should be held well away from the body to allow a full sweep being given with the blade. It is necessary that all cutting tools should be sharp, and it cannot be too strongly insisted upon in this case. The blade must not be what would be considered sharp in an ordinary knife; it must be as keen as a razor. It cannot be too sharp. Great care should be bestowed to keep it in first-class condition. If it be the least bit dull, clean cuts cannot be made, and the labor of cutting will be greatly increased.

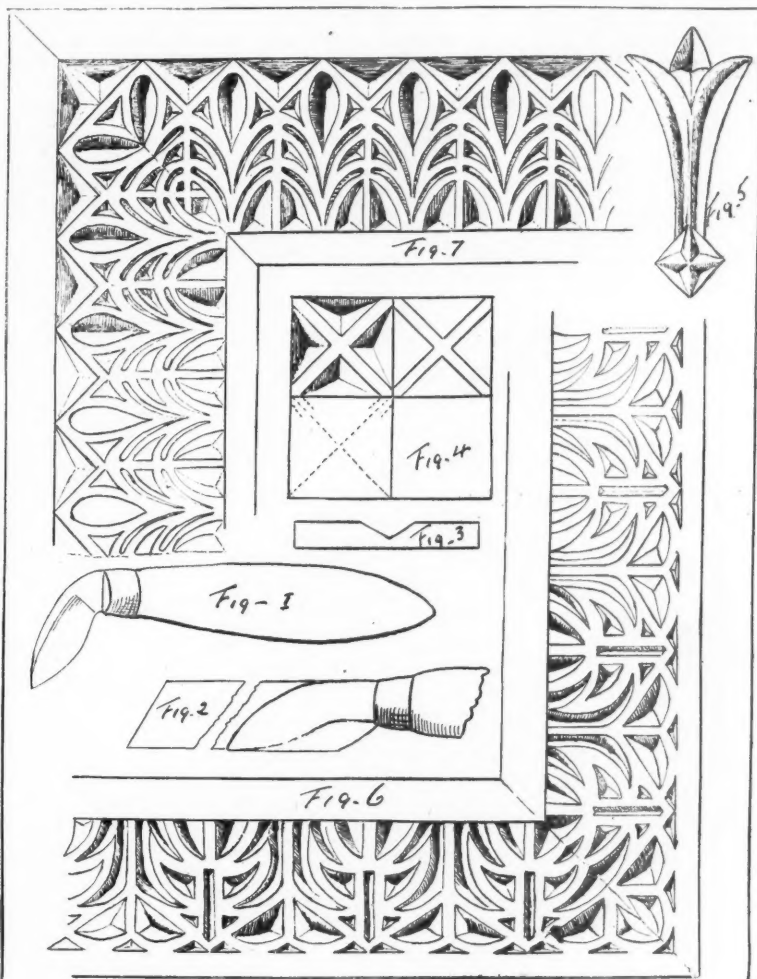
To keep the knife sharp use an ordinary oil-stone, being careful not to turn the edge. Keep the blade perfectly flat, as it requires a long bevel; the knife should then be well stropped on a piece of leather fastened to a board, which should always be kept at hand to give the blade a rub as soon as its cutting powers begin to give out. The oil-stone should always be freed from grease before putting it away, as the oil will dry in the stone and make it hard and useless.

As to the choice of woods for the first practice, I would recommend a piece of "American bass" (or white wood). It is soft, straight of grain and easily cut. It can be polished with wax or left natural. It will in the course of time take on a very pleasant, warm tone. An ideal wood for notch-work is "sweet gum." It is beautiful in grain, light-brown in color, and the path of the knife through it is smooth and glossy. Sycamore is very pleasant to work in; it has the same advantages as sweet gum; it is of a delicate cream color flecked with brown. Holly is very hard and requires a good deal of practice to acquire the strength to work on it. Oak, though hard, is not an unpleasant wood to work upon, providing that a nice clear piece has been procured; it has a beautiful tone when oiled or treated with ammonia, either applied or fumigated. Lime, apple and pear are other woods that will be found very desirable. The wood, before the design is drawn upon it, should be well dressed with the smoothing-plane. Do not on any account use sand-paper before the notches are cut, as the small vitreous particles get into the grain of the wood and cause great annoyance by dulling the blade of the knife.

The design can be drawn upon the wood or transferred with ordinary carbonized paper. Only the outlines need be drawn—not the notches. In making the cuts, the angle at which the blade is inclined is not of much consequence, yet should be as uniform as possible; the hand will soon become accustomed to cutting so nearly at the same

angle that the difference in depth will not be perceptible. When possible the required depth should be made with one cut, but this cannot be done in all cases. If a second cut be required, care should be taken that it has the same angle as the first, or the cut will show a ridge along the notch where it has been unequal instead of being perfectly smooth. This should always be avoided, as it makes the work look patchy and uneven. Begin boldly upon the outline, not letting the point of the knife go any deeper than is necessary at the bottom of the notch. If you do, there will be a slight burr, which can easily be removed if the work is small. If large, it can be disregarded.

The diaper squares (Fig. 4) will be found very easy for the first practice. They are cut from the edge of each square to the center; they are easily drawn. If a small box be covered with them, cut at a slight angle; the result



will be appreciated. Fig. 5 is another motive which will be found a little more difficult to cut, as it has a slight curve. This design, cut large, makes a very beautiful frieze. Fig. 6 is a Byzantine design. Fig. 7 is Moorish, and makes a very beautiful picture-frame. This class of carving can be used for glove-boxes, albums, covers, trays, salvers, and is especially desirable for work that is to be handled. In large work, it is admirable for screens, friezes—in fact, for any kind of decoration where wood carving can be used.

This kind of carving can always be used as a mold for papier-mâché, or leather-work. Take a piece of russet leather, soak it in water till it is quite soft, then press it with damp cloth or sponge well into the notches. Then take it off. When dry it will be quite as attractive as the original carving itself and can be used for book-covers, chair-backs and many other purposes. The wood is not in any way injured by taking these impressions, it need only be wiped and allowed to dry.

In the final finishing of notch carvings the surface can be smoothed with fine glass paper used in the ordinary way over a piece of flat cork. The notches themselves need not be touched; they will fill up with dust, but this can easily be removed with a brush when it is ready to receive a wax finish. It is not to be stained, varnished or French polished, as these are absorbed by the ends of the grain and give it a very unsightly appearance. Where it is desired enamel paint may be used, picking out the notches with various tints; or paint and bronze may be used with good effect, but I prefer it left with a plain wax finish, very pleasing and artistic.

J. W. VAN C.

THE Western railway companies, whose trains are being "held up" by robbers, should be compelled by law to carry armed guards. There is no possible explanation, except a confession of sordid meanness, for the insult and loss to which thousands of travelers have recently been subjected on roads whose owners, while rich, seem to exhibit no sense of responsibility to persons who intrust life and property to them. "Road agents" do not travel in large gangs; they can't afford to trust one another, so the cost of guarding trains would not be great. If the law won't compel the employment of guards, it might at least insist that a few thousand dollars of the company's own money shall be carried on each train, for corporations, although without souls, have one sensitive organ—the pocket.

A POETIC AGE.

WE consider our age a practical one and that poetry is something that is not what we call practical, and yet we—the United States participating through its representative with Great Britain—have just buried in Westminster the greatest poet of the English language since Milton.

Tennyson was the poet of the people who speak the English language—not the poet of England. He was not peculiar in this any further than that his peculiarity came from his eminence. To speak of an English poet, or to speak of an American poet may be convenient as a designation, but if the one spoken of is of the highest rank it is not a term that can properly be applied to him. Literature, in its highest examples, is not local or national in its character; its appeal is to the universal mind, and while it may use local and national incidents, the thought and lesson that is to be drawn from them pertain to the spirit of man in the widest sense. Walt Whitman wanted to be an American poet, at least a democratic one, and a poet of common things, and he treats of some such subjects as tin-pans, camp-stools, quinine pills, omnibuses, bugles, cobblestones—a sort of price-current poetry, with now and then an infusion of Bunker Hill and Progress. We do not undertake to say how great a poet he is; the printed book does not easily wear out, and another generation will have a chance to pass judgment upon the question. If there is to be any new poetry specially democratic in character Great Britain has a claim. Already some think that country is distancing us in the possession of democratic institutions and cite that it has the ballot and an elastic constitution, while we have the ballot and an unelastic constitution. We have no patent on democracy. Important lessons on that were taught us by Cromwell and the French ante-Revolution writers.

There is a good deal of cause and effect about poetry, notwithstanding the high origin ascribed to the poet. Easy access to bread and butter, and the cheapness and fluidity of printer's ink, has no doubt a good deal to do with it. Do we realize that this is the greatest poetic century that the race has seen? That physical discoveries, biological laws, democracy, the daily press have not crowded it out! We have had a poet of the first class, taking into account all the centuries, and we have had poetry of the first class from others. It is true that the dramatic power of Shakespeare and of the Greeks has not come back to us, and some factors of our civilization may have a tendency to drive away epic poetry; but where in all time has deeper philosophy been put into poetry than into those poems of the nineteenth century, "Faust" and "In Memoriam"? Common education widens the market for poetry, and—tell it not in Gath—this makes poetry both abundant in quantity and high in quality. Shakespeare would no doubt have been something different from a poet if there had not been a stage ready to absorb his dramas.

It is easier to know when the career of a great or a considerable poet is closed than when one is begun. He goes out under the eyes of all the world, but he comes in under the eyes of scarcely anyone, and his growth in fame is apt to be so slow that no one realizes that he is growing, and only at intervals does the world discover that he has grown. We are constantly thinking that we are losing great men, poets and others, and that no one is taking their places. And yet each period seems to have its quota of men of deserved eminence. Tennyson was slow in obtaining his fame, and after getting it, and being firmly established in it, lost his power of doing work that commended itself as strong and original. But twelve or fifteen years ago the power returned to him, and some of the best work of his life was done in his later years. He died, having reached eighty-three years, without showing the decline in powers that usually attends old age.

The number of the poets who have reached eminence, or at least have done a large portion of their work, during this century, and whose work still holds the attention of the public, is marvelous. Some of those the most eminent and not living, mentioned in the order of their deaths, are Schiller, Keats, Shelley, Byron, Scott, Coleridge, Poe, Wordsworth, Bryant, Longfellow, Emerson, Matthew Arnold, Lowell, Browning, Whitman, Whittier. Nearly all of these have enriched literature with poetry that will not die. Its revival got its start with Cowper and Burns before this century commenced, and it has reached such noble proportions as to afford a rich legacy for future generations.

The mine of poetry, hidden in the eternal attributes of the race, is inexhaustible, except as there is decay in the spirit of its appreciation, which would only come with the decay of the human mind itself. The ever fresh interest in vital poetry is instanced by the reception given to the recent volume of Rudyard Kipling. It is probable that no volume of poetry was ever so well received from the hands of a man previously unknown to poetry. The preceding success of his prose is not likely to have been a help to the success of his poetry, as eminent ability in the two respects is so rare as to have a tendency to create a prejudice against the other after success has been achieved in one of the fields. His combined work of prose and poetry, in its totality, seems to possess the Shakespearean quality of being beyond criticism except in lapses of carelessness and indifference, and which Shakespeare also permitted himself.

The future laureateship of Great Britain is a source of embarrassment alike to the power that appoints and to a worthy successor. Success has not been so uniform as to carry assurance that a good choice can be made, and to follow approximately well in the footsteps of Wordsworth and Tennyson, the two latest incumbents, may well try the powers of anyone's character and poetic genius. But the success was so great in those cases that it would seem a pity to suffer a discontinuance of the office.

SOLD.

HE—"A woman simply sells herself when she marries for money."
SHE—"Of course; provided the money isn't there."

A MAN OF MONEY.

PLAINEST of all the very rich men of America is Russell Sage. He is old-fashioned to almost a Puritanical degree. His is a remarkable and interesting personality. Although he has nearly reached the allotted age of three score and ten he displays no impairment of mental or physical powers. His mind is a storehouse of information. Events that occurred forty or more years ago are as readily and clearly recalled as those of a fortnight before.

Mr. Sage does business on business principles, and that does not suit everybody. There are people who berate him because he does not put capital blindly into their illusory schemes, or lend to them with little or no prospect of getting his money back. If he were to listen to all the appeals and demands upon him his fortune, great as it is, would be dissipated in a year.

Mr. Sage's home, while not as imposing as that of many another man worth far less money, is a roomy and very comfortable house on Fifth avenue, just above Forty-second street. Mr. Sage is a regular church-goer and takes a deep interest in missionary work. His tastes are so simple that half the clerks in Wall Street spend more money in the pursuit of pleasure than he does. He is fond of horses and has some of the best roadsters in New York. He takes a drive every afternoon when the weather will permit, but his evenings are almost invariably spent at his home.

Russell Sage's career affords a wholesome lesson for every American who desires to better his condition. He began life as a farmer-boy and built his fortune, fifty million dollars, by his own exertions.

"In a country so full of opportunities, why are there not more rich men in America?" I asked Mr. Sage.

"Because so few people recognize the value of money," was the reply. "Any man with good health, good habits and reasonable industry ought to attain at least pecuniary independence. Many men are favored by circumstances and grow rich without the exertion required of other men. A much neglected means of finding opportunities for money-making is the securing of the confidence of people. Every man should seek the respect and approval of those with whom he comes in contact. It should be the same whether in social intercourse, or in business affairs, or in the relation of employer and employee. Too many employees make the mistake of not proving by their work their worth to their employers. The employees who aim to do as little as possible for the pay they receive are the ones who do not get ahead. Good habits beget good health, good health begets industry, and industry insures prosperity. People who fall into evil ways do not thrive. Reverses sooner or later overtake them. Profligacy is one of the greatest sins. The waste of money entails suffering and often crime. There have been too many instances to recount of fortunes accumulated by unremitting effort in one generation and handed down to another to be squandered. Businesses that supported many families have been wrecked by wasteful or neglectful men to whom the management was intrusted. Misery has followed, and the wheels of progress have been clogged in cases like these."

"Do you consider great fortunes opposed to progress, peace and prosperity?"

"No; but by this answer I do not want to be understood as favoring the concentration of wealth. It is a fact, however, that men who accumulate wealth by their own efforts employ it to good advantage. The great fortunes of America are not in hoarded money. They are represented by railroads, steamboat lines, manufactories, mines and industries which contribute to the material welfare of the people by furnishing employment and developing the resources of the country. The closing of a great factory brings a realization of the fact that it is better for its ownership to rest with one man than with one hundred, if the one man can keep it going and the one hundred cannot. It makes no difference how large the one man's gains may be, if he has the ability to provide prosperity for the operatives when others could only bring privation to them. The rich man who has honestly acquired his means and does not use them to oppress his fellow-beings should not be begrudged his possessions. It is the duty of every man to provide against a time of need, and it is his privilege to accumulate as much more than his need as his energy, sagacity and opportunity will admit. It does not follow that because a man is rich he should live in idleness. A slothful man, be he rich or poor, is not a desirable member of society. He sets a bad example. The rich man is not expected to toil with the pick or the trowel, but there is an obligation on him to give his best thought to the use of his fortune, so that it will bestow benefits upon others as well as upon himself."

"What use of capital do you consider has done most to improve the country?"

"Undoubtedly the building of railroads. Without railroads the country between the Alleghany and the Rocky Mountains would now be almost as wild as Darkest Africa. Railroads, steamboats and telegraph lines are, next to the Christian religion, the greatest civilizers. No country in the world shows the capability of the railroad as a developing agent like the United States. We must ever rely upon the railroads for our prosperity on account of our vast area. By no other way can our crops and our manufactures be conveyed to the market of the world. It is wrong to restrict the operations of the railroads. Ex-

orbitant rates are never to be feared. More money is to be made by the railroads in a large traffic, at low rates, than in a small traffic at high rates. For another thing, the competition of the railroads is sufficient to insure reasonable tariffs. The more railroads there are, the better it is for the country. It is a mistake to obstruct the building of roads. On the contrary, their construction should be encouraged. Chicago would occupy a very inferior position to-day but for its railroads, which are rapidly making it a formidable rival to New York. The building of railroads is oftener unprofitable to capitalists than otherwise. The profit in the roads comes after the traffic has 'grown up' to them. In such instances the country certainly benefits by having men with so much money that they can afford to lose, or can afford to wait an indefinite time to realize on their investments."

"Has the country as much to expect in the future of the shipping interests as the railroads?"

"No; but the American shipping should be built up. We look to other lands to buy our surplus grain, provisions and manufactures, and we should, so far as possible, have the carrying of these things from the points where

tottering, the Republic of the United States will be stronger and greater."

HOWARD IRVING SMITH.

WE'RE A GREAT PEOPLE.

It is really wonderful how this country survives, for it is always on the eve of some great disaster which is sure to kill its investment interests and destroy its commercial supremacy. At least that's what the *quid-nuncs* tell us. Take the last three months and see how many appalling disasters were on the point of overtaking us. What could have been more certain than our undoing when in September a ship arrived in the lower bay of New York Harbor with a few cases of cholera on board? The plague was sure to reach the shore and overrun the continent, prostrating all manufacturing and transportation interests, and so thoroughly did Wall Street believe it that within three days it knocked off no less than \$82,000,000, the market value of the active securities dealt in on the Stock Exchange. But there is not a case of cholera in the country to-day, and no one thinks of parting with investment stocks now because of the possibility of the return of the disease in the Spring.

The corn crop of the nation had been burned up by Summer sun and afterward shriveled on the cob by early cold, so that there was not to be a sufficient yield for feeding purposes, let alone for export, and yet we have a crop above the average and ample to keep the railways fully occupied in bringing it to market. More recently the national election was to turn men's minds from business and trade was to be dull, yet official reports tell us that never in the history of the country at this season has commerce in all its branches been so thriving as in the present Fall.

Then again the success of the Democratic party at the polls meant widespread disaster because the protection tariff was to be wiped out and a policy pursued which would end in closing every manufacturing establishment in the United States which had to compete with the product of foreign works manned by pauper labor. This idea held good for at least three days after the election, and it would have been more destructive than it was if a few had not been found in the multitude who saw that the revenue requirements of the country were sufficient to insure very slight changes in the tariff in any event.

That bug-a-boo having been lived down, it is now discovered that we are going to the bow-wows because we are sending some of our gold away in payment for goods we have bought and received from merchants and manufacturers who have their warehouses and factories in countries which do not fly the American flag. And the stock market is weak in consequence.

We are sending gold away because we have been buying more things from foreigners than we have been selling to them. We have been buying coffee and sugar in exceptionally large amounts, and we have been doing it at the season when dry-goods merchants arrange to have their bills fall due for the purchases made earlier in the year. Usually at this time the proceeds of the cotton crop are coming to us, but the outward movement of the staple has been checked owing to the higher prices which we are demanding for it. Consequently we are compelled to settle the balance against us in gold rather than in barter. But, ultimately, cotton and other products will go forward, and possibly at higher prices than prevail to-day. When they do our gold will come back to us, and who will then say that we have suffered by its absence? It will not be long before the gold scare will be forgotten as completely as the alarm over the cholera. In the meantime our railroads and great manufacturing concerns are prospering, and, after all, that is the all-important point to the holders of their securities.

A STORY OF WOMAN'S DEVOTION.

"HYPOCRITES," by Hugh Coleman Davidson, will be the next realistic novel in ONCE A WEEK LIBRARY. A much-loved wife is found to be a kleptomaniac. The husband does all in his power to shield her from the consequence of her acts and also to cure her of her propensity. In this good work he is assisted by his sister-in-law, a most charming and devoted character, and by his uncle.

In pursuance of this plan he advertises for a female kleptomaniac as a companion for his wife, hoping to let her see the failing in others, and thus to bring her to a realizing sense of her own affliction. The scene which follows on the heels of the advertisement beggars description. No less than five kleptomaniacs have been selected by the husband out of thirty-seven applicants. The house, on that eventful day, when the chosen five called, is temporarily dismantled of all its furniture that was found portable in the pockets, handkerchiefs, back-hair and sleeves of the kleptomaniacs, who were occupying separate rooms to await their turn to be interviewed by the young husband. The scene of that day winds up in the police court, in which the kleptomaniac young wife is shielded for the time being.

The closing chapters of this charming story from real life are devoted to the efforts of the other characters to supplement the fast fading strength of the sister-in-law, Kitty. For this purpose they move to Gansy Island. Here Kitty, the most charming of sisters, passes away quietly, looking out of the window at the placid sea and the gathering evening twilight.

"It is very beautiful," she murmured. And then, with a smile upon her face, Kitty fell asleep—to wake no more. And Kitty's married sister was cured of kleptomania.

"Hypocrites" will form No. 9, Vol. X.



RUSSELL SAGE.

they originate to the points where a market is bound for them."

"From the expansion of what interests in the United States is the most good to be looked for?"

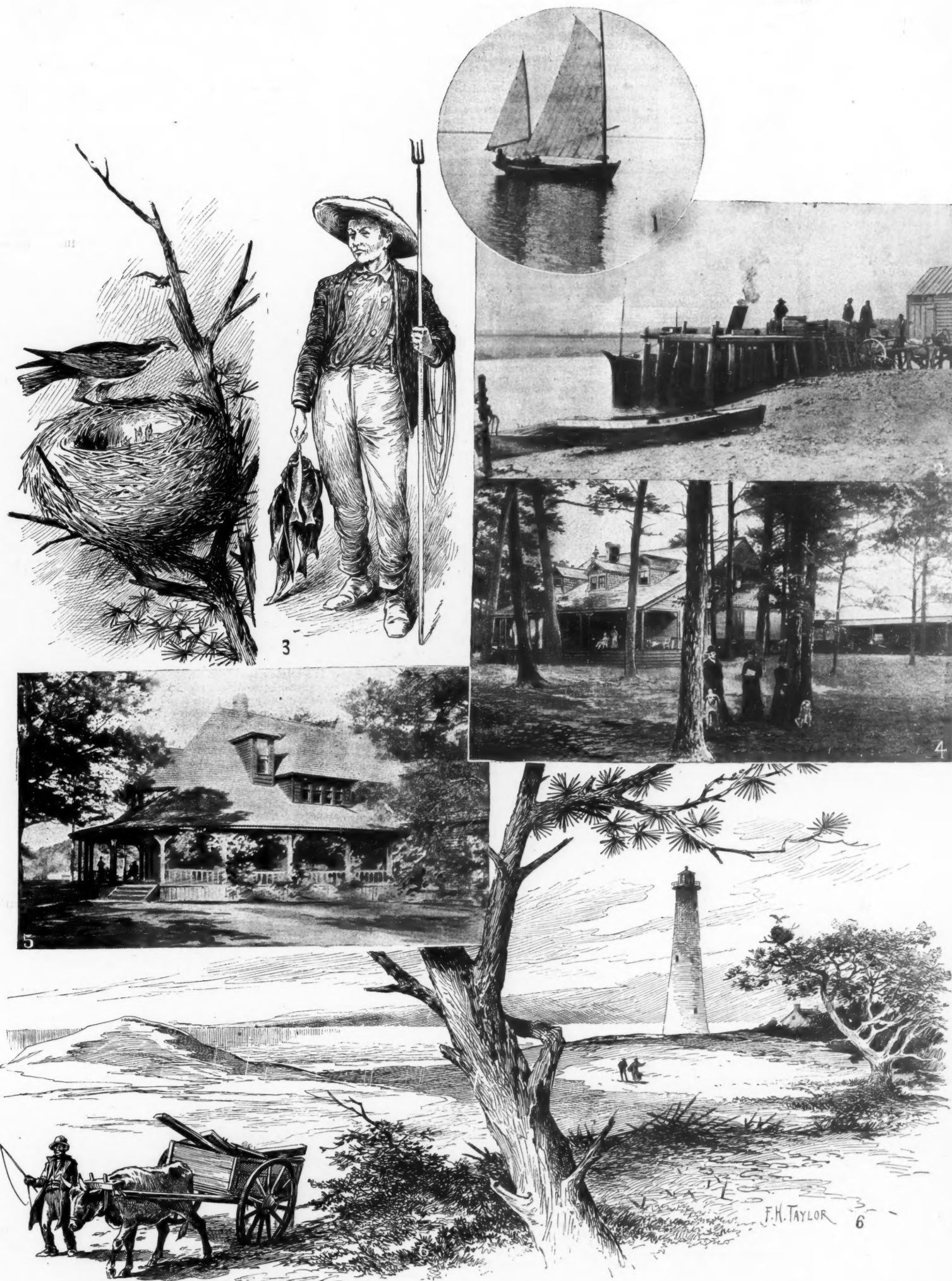
"The manufacturing interests. Crude materials form a small part of the cost of perfected articles. The materials in a watch bear little proportion to the value of the watch in running order. The fiber in a carpet is an insignificant part of its cost. Cheap as cotton goods are, the worth of the raw cotton is trifling, compared with the finished texture. There is nothing that would build up the South like mills to make up its great staple, cotton. Why should we raise cotton, send it abroad to be made up, and then buy the fabric? We pay out for the manufactured product many times over what we receive for the raw product. We should have all the benefits of all that we are capable of producing."

"Have we anything to fear from our social or political systems?"

"I think not. The tendency of the whole people is steadily in the direction of reforms. As the country becomes greater, it becomes better. Social evils, one after another, are blotted out. When such a plague spot as Mormonism can be eliminated, we may feel sure that no other evil can long thrive in our country. As for politics, the days of the 'machines' are over. New evils may be constructed, but they cannot endure. The people are determined to select their own representatives in office. There will always be great parties, but they will stand for principles, and not for men. The independent vote has grown, and it will continue to grow. It will be powerful enough to take the government at any time out of the hands of the party which does not represent the right principles, and select the right men to carry out those principles."

"Then you consider the future of the country and the people as full of promise as the past has been of realization?"

"There is room in our country for many times our present population. The earth has given up but a tithe of its riches. It contains enough for all. It is our destiny to be the foremost nation of the earth. We have the most successful form of government, and when monarchies are



—A Broadwater fishing-boat. 2—Boat landing at Exmore. 3—One of the natives. 4—Broadwater club house. 5—Cottage at Broadwater. 6—Rum Hill and Broadwater lighthouse.

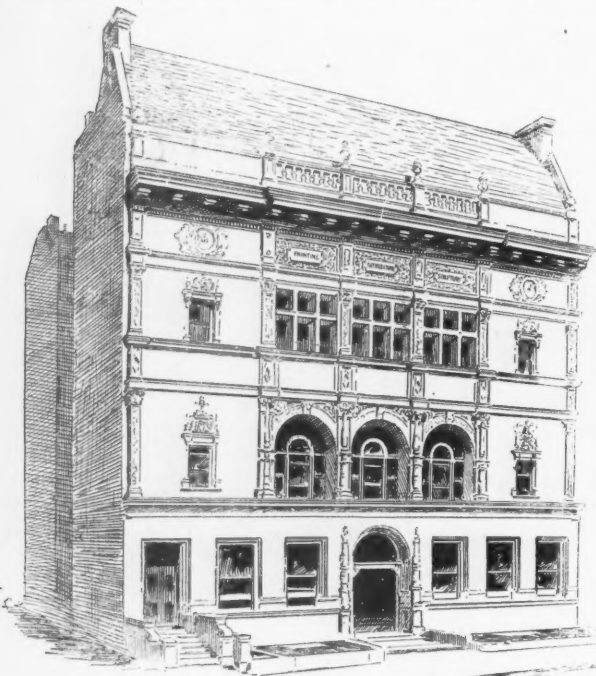
PRESIDENT-ELECT CLEVELAND'S VACATION AT BROADWATER ISLAND, ON THE VIRGINIA COAST.

[Specially photographed and drawn for ONCE A WEEK by Frank H. Taylor.]

A NEW CENTER OF NATIVE ART.

NEARLY a generation all that was representative of painting and sculpture in the United States found expression in the Venetian structure at Twenty-third street and Fourth avenue—in the capacious galleries, schools and time-honored collections of the National Academy of Design. It was a great and noble building in those days—just at the close of the Civil War—when American art, still then in its struggling infancy, was bespeaking a national verdict that a period had been reached which entitled our artists to appear in competition with long-founded and dominating schools of the Old World.

The future home of painting, architecture and sculpture is the result of an alliance of these three arts, under the name of the American Society of Fine Arts, em-



UNITED BUILDING OF THE AMERICAN SOCIETY OF FINE ARTS.

bracing as factors the Art Students' League, the Society of American Artists and the Architectural League of this city—all having a more or less national membership. The building itself, owned by the parent society, has a front of seventy-five feet on Fifty-seventh street and runs back to Fifty-eighth street, a distance of two hundred feet. It is built in the French Renaissance, of ornamental front pressed straw-colored brick, the fad now in club, art and theatrical façades. The main galleries are three in number, each forty feet deep by seventy-five feet wide, having a lighted ceiling thirty feet high, the north gallery terminating in an arch.

First among the art organizations that will be in perpetual activity is the Art Students' League, founded about fifteen years ago, when it immediately bounded into prosperity, in rather circumscribed quarters, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Seventeenth street. Its whole purpose and practice was to infuse a new, ardent and ambitious feeling for the elevation of all standards of art knowledge—a break-away from the stale and threadbare schools that flourished under the spurious and mock dignity of academic teaching—an effort, in fine, to bring our pupils up to the achievements of the Old World schools, where intending artists were wont to go, without even a superficial preparation, to seek instruction in the academies of the Continent or in the colonies, or studios where are domiciled the famous masters of this modern era. About this time there sprang into existence the Society of American Artists, which was intended to be an emphatic protest against the pretensions of the Academy of Design, which had fallen into art stagnation. It was complained, with adequate show of reason, that the schools were conducted on ancient and time-worn methods, that all of the good places at the annual exhibitions were monopolized by the old-time artists in the exercise of their academic rights to be hung on the line. This grave injustice had been felt for years by those young artists, who, returning from their European masters with a technique abreast of the time, were denied the privilege of seeking public recognition through the organized channels of art. A faction split was the consequence, extending to all parts of the Union, outcropping in art publications and in art clubs, the contending forces being the "old men" and the "young fellows." The Munich wave of impressionism, reaching our shores, heralded by such painters as J. Frank Currier, William M. Chase, Maynard, Blum and a host of followers, added life, controversy and bitterness to what became a changing era in the art of the country. Of course, the "young fellows" went wild and mad, far exceeding in pigment excesses the "pot of paint thrown in the face of the public," as alleged of Whistler by no less amiable a man than John Ruskin.

But the impressionists here in New York made a bold and brave stand amid storms of ridicule, splashing on canvas impossible portraits which were hurried back to their studios in a jiffy by indignant patrons, while the promised bullion did not flow in their direction. Gradually, however, they became a tamer body of aspirants, and it was soon counted the highest and most significant honor to have a picture hung or a piece of sculpture placed at the annual exhibition of the Society of American Artists. It thus transpired that the preposterousness of impressionism ran mad which so bewildered the public at the zenith of the fad was a good movement after all. The older painters who worked in the smooth, photo-

graphic linear-measure methods potent in the genre compositions of thirty years ago distinctly felt the transplanted influence of the canvases of our young European artists from the ateliers of men like Fortuny, Jean François Millet, Corot, Piloty, Zamaçois, Gerome, and others of widely differing personality in their works. No wonder, then, that professional asperities soon began to soften, that the cream of the patronage and appreciation which was formerly installed within the walls of the Academy of Design became transferred to the galleries of the Association of American Artists, where the standard for the passing of pictures almost reached the rigorous tests of the Salon or the Royal Academy. The officers and members of the association, moreover, became the officers and instructors in the Art Students' League, and the two organizations to-day are almost completely identical, save in outward form.

Reference to the applications for admission to the Art Students' League shows that fully twelve hundred pupils will receive instruction for the term ending May, 1893, more than seven hundred now being daily attendants. These candidates come from every part of the Continent, from the Pacific Slope, Canada, Central America, Mexico and the Spanish Main; two-thirds of them are young ladies, and are quite crude in the elementary branches of art. Of course, a very large fraction have their romantic veneering rubbed off in a few weeks and return home with a melancholy estimate of the potency of the easel and the mahlstick. Some are poor, some are rich, some are tireless and ambitious, others are idle and frivolous. Yet out of the aggregate the league sends to Europe annually a fair proportion of graduates to resume among the great masters of the Continent higher studies for which they have been prepared. There are now in the art centers of Europe about one hundred and twenty-five of the league's students, showing a satisfactory degree of proficiency. Their average stay abroad is about three years.

For the current year the corps of teachers embraces the very first artists in the profession—J. Carroll Beckwith, George DeForest Brush, William M. Chase, Kenyon Cox, Frank Vincent DuMond, H. Siddons Mowbray, Augustus St. Gaudens, J. H. Twachtman and J. Alden Weir. Applicants for commission to the life classes must submit a drawing of full-length nude figure from cast or life; for the painting classes, drawings from cast or life; for the modeling class, examples of drawing or modeling; for the antique class, a drawing from cast; for the sketch class, a sketch from life. No examination is required for the preparatory class. The average tuition is about fifty-five dollars, from October to the following May.

Not the least feature in the advertised instruction to be taught in the modeling classes will be portrait-sculpture, so highly exemplified in the highly poetic and artistic busts of J. Scott Hartley, whose former busts are familiar to the American art world; those of Thomas W. Wood, president of the Academy of Design; J. H. Dolph, the animal painter; George Inness, of landscape fame, and his juvenile grandson. Executed in half life-size, these busts possess sculptural qualities more delicately and subtly defined than can be achieved in an exact reproduction of the facial types of the human head.

The Society of American Artists' officers for the current year are: president, William M. Chase; vice-president, John La Forge; treasurer, Irving R. Wilas; secretary, Joe Evans, and Augustus St. Gaudens. When the new galleries, having a length of over seven hundred feet on the line, and of much larger capacity than those of the Academy of Design, admirably lighted from above and suitably arranged for a continuous panorama of the exhibits, are not required for the use of the Academy of Fine Arts, they will be rented for outside entertainments and exhibitions having a relation to the purposes of the society.

The Architectural League is comparatively a new organization, but embraces the best men in the profession, whose works are now revolutionizing the construction of the city and promise for the future metropolis a grandeur and splendor worthy of the age in which we live. The progressive artistic spirit which animates this body is seen in its officers and membership—names now on the topmost wave of popularity—president, Russell Sturgis; vice-president, William A. Coffin; treasurer, Warren R. Briggs; secretary, Edward T. Hagood. Among the members are: H. J. Hardenberg, Daniel C. French, J. Scott Hartley, Howard Russell Butler, John M. Corriere, J. Cleveland Cady, Cyrus M. Eldridge, Frank Fowler, Richard M. Upjohn, J. Q. A. Ward.

The Architectural League's annual exhibitions at the Ortigas' Gallery are familiar, and hereafter they will take place on an enlarged scale, and of a composite character in the galleries of the new building. Specially set apart for the league is a high-ceilinged banquetting room on the second floor, wainscoted and appropriately tinted, also admirably adapted for a ballroom.

Thus the American Society of Fine Arts have given to the country a structure near the confines of Central Park that is bound to have an immediate and pronounced influence on the progressive spirit of the time. Situated within a short walk of the great intellectual institutions of the metropolis, like the Metropolitan Museum of Natural History, the Lenox Library, the future sites of the Historical and the Geographical Society; the Sherwood, Holbein, Van Dyke and Rembrandt studio buildings, and with a promise of the early migration of the Academy of Design to the west side of the park, a permanent home for the three progressions of painting, architecture and sculpture has been secured at an ultimate cost of five hundred thousand dollars.

SOME New Jersey people were recently sent to jail for the offense of breaking the Sunday law of the State by husking corn. It would be interesting to know whether the complainants were consistent enough to eat cold victuals on Sunday, so as to avoid the sin of working. Probably they meant well in trying to set their neighbors straight, but reform, like charity, should begin at home.

FASHION'S FANCIES, FADS AND FOLLIES.

THOSE fat, sausage-like curls and massive braids are now to give way to a simple, oval-shaped knot of hair, worn rather low in the neck. This will be hard on the snub-nosed women and those whose noses are more than "lip-tilted like a flower."

Ornamental combs of shell, of jet and of paste are worn a good deal on evening coiffures.

Leather waistcoats are smart; so are those of white corduroy with tiny blue silk dots, pink cloth and blue-gray silk with white dots.

Everything is shot—velvet, silk, wool and gauze. The new evening silks show line stripes on a shot watered ground, many-colored like the chameleon.

The newest way of adjusting hat-strings is to cross them under the chin, pass them round the neck to the back, tie them beneath the hair, allowing the ends to fall loose.

The nicest materials for smart, tailor-made gowns are the "heather chevrons," "zigzag tweeds" and fancy Meltons. The chief novelties in this season's dress goods are the fancy reps—ringed, streaked and speckled—and the diagonal cloths with shot grounds and the "crocodile cloth."

Pipings, in which the old-fashioned cotton cord is employed, have come in again. They edge not only the armholes and the waist, but the hem of the skirt.

Corded silk is replacing satin for bridal gowns, and coffee-tinted lace is preferred to others; at weddings bridesmaids appear oftener in bright colors than in white or cream.

Useful black skirts, ready-made, can always be readily obtained from any large drygoods establishment. A Summer serge makes an excellent every-day gown, and cashmere, Henrietta or vicuna may be selected for best.

During the period of first mourning for parents, no linen collars are worn, but bands of crape lisse.

Heliotrope may be worn in half-mourning, and velvet and lace can be worn in the bonnet.

A white crêpe de Chine waistcoat, while not strictly correct, according to the etiquette of mourning, may be worn with black without crape.

Bengaline is used for tea gowns. A full front of soft silk or crêpe de Chine is the best contrast. Crêpon, grenadine or black silk muslin are also desirable. The trimmings may be dull silk passementerie, or frills and puffings of silk muslin. Lace is not appropriate for deep mourning, either as a trimming for tea gown or mantle. There is a kind of thin, twilled silk, which is very inexpensive and is an admirable lining for tea gowns.

Black, undressed kids are in better taste than the dressed or glaze.

Diamonds are decidedly bad form in mourning.

The most stylish wrap for a young lady in mourning, is a triple cape of crape.

Strictly speaking, sealskin is not correct in mourning. Astrakhan and Persian Lamb are allowable.

Ultra-fashionables wear black silk lingerie and one stylish widow goes so far as to sleep in black silk sheets.

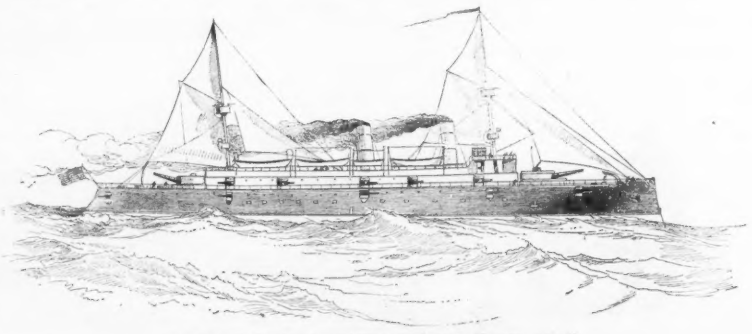
Goffered crêpon is a specialty for mourning. It comes in forty-six-inch width and drapes perfectly. Silk-warp cote d'cheval, a forty-eight-inch goods, is also greatly sought.

The fashionable colors for evening gowns are peach, straw, pink, turquoise-blue and Nile-green; for morning, brown and petunia with various shades of green, but the novelty lies this year in the combinations. Persian and Oriental mixtures obtain; blue, green, deep-red and yellow are frequently combined, and blue and green, turquoise and mustard, green and pink, violet and red.

There is a rumor that the muff is to be suspended round the neck with a golden chain. The chains which will be most sought are those to which our grandmothers used to attach their watches. Muffs, by the way, will be enormous.

ANOTHER ADDITION TO OUR NAVY.

THE cruiser *Olympia* was successfully launched at San Francisco, November 5th, from the Union Iron Works. Her cost by contract was \$1,800,000. Her length is 340 feet; beam, 53 feet; draught, 21 1-2 feet; displacement, 5,500 tons; horse power, 13,500; guaranteed speed on trial, 20 knots; sustained sea speed, 19 knots. Coal capacity is 1,300 tons. Steaming distance at 10 knots, or 13



THE NEW UNITED STATES CRUISER "OLYMPIA."

miles per hour, 13,000 miles. She has three complete decks including the protected deck, and also a large superstructure amidship ending at the 8-inch gun barbettes. The *Olympia* is rigged with two military masts, each provided with a fighting top and electric searchlights. She also has enough fore and aft sail to steady her in the heavy Pacific swell. Her upper deck is eighteen feet above the water forward and seventeen feet aft. Her main battery consists of four 8-inch high-powered breech-loading rifles and ten 5-inch high-powered rapid-fire guns. The secondary battery consists of fourteen 6-pounders and six 1-pounder rapid-fire guns, four Gatling guns and six Howell torpedo tubes.



SOME NEW YORK GOWNS.

THE reign of the picturesque is at hand. Unless your gown or coat smacks of some dead and gone Louis or Henri; unless there be a reflection of the Empire, Restoration or Victorian periods in your wardrobe, you are not sufficiently up to date. Hats, cloaks, frocks are all picturesque, and if in the desire for this effect fashionable women overstep the narrow line which borders the sublime from the ridiculous, they are, after all, quite unconscious of the fact, and unconsciousness has its advantages. What with the sleeves growing more and more like balloons; what with the poke bonnets and their droll, little, bobbing feathers; what with necks and hips frilled with capes, women are coming to look rather absurd. However, they



"SUITABLE FOR A MATRON."

do not know it, and if they did, would not care. So why should a writer of fashions cavil and gibe?

New York women are ever on the qui vive for novelties. The smart Fifth avenue woman delights in nothing so much as an absolutely original costume, with which to turn the heads of all beholders. The fashionable promenade is quite accustomed to sensations in the line of clothes. However, possibly there was never a greater commotion than when one fine afternoon last week the costume shown in the accompanying illustration walked down Murray Hill, with a pretty woman inside its soft, furry folds. Though made almost entirely of fur, there was no suggestion of clumsiness in its set or outlines. It was most skillfully cut, made of the new black fur called "caracule," which is a species of Astrakhan, only it is softer and silkier than the usual kind. The skirt was cut into a corselet point at the top, displaying a full, sleeveless blouse of the fashionable pontifical purple velvet, and



"THE MOST SUPERB TEA GOWN SHOWN."

over it was a little coat of fur with a turned-back collar and sleeves full to the elbow and tight at the wrist. The very smart hat was of violet velvet, trimmed with black, and the possessor of all this gorgeous comfort and elegance looked like a young princess. Of course everyone cannot afford a costume of this sort, but, after all, it would be no more expensive than a seal coat and infinitely smarter.

Astrakhan promises to be one of the favorite furs of the season, and is greatly used for vests, collars, revers and tiny capes on cloth coats. Combined with dark-green, magenta or violet cloth, it makes as handsome and correct a walking costume as one could select. Fur will ornament Winter gowns, both for the street and house. An illustration of a gown, recently shown the writer by a fashionable dressmaker, depicts an elegant house costume, suitable for a matron. It is made of one of the fashionable intermediate shades of brown corduroy silk and moss-green velvet. The upper parts of the sleeves are of velvet, and the corselet also, the latter being cut out in Vandyke points and trimmed with narrow braid. The skirt is fully five yards wide, but it hangs gracefully. It is padded on the hips to accentuate the slimness of the waist. Round the hem is a row of soft brown fur.

A tea gown of pink crape was shown, which was elaborately trimmed with narrow bands of beaver. Evening gowns, too, of the finest material will be garnished with fur. Another beautiful tea gown, designed for ceremonious wear, is of black velvet with an elaborate front of turquoise silk. The skirt is edged with a plaiting of the silk. A vest, sash and long loops of ribbon of the



"SHE LOOKED LIKE A YOUNG PRINCESS."

same tint with tiny frills of turquoise, light up the somber richness of the gown. Some rich embroidery in gold and turquoise forms a small yoke, and the sleeves are one huge puff of velvet. Altogether, it was one of the most superb tea gowns shown the writer in her rounds.

"OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES."

DOES not every woman of limited income dote upon a successfully made-over gown? The satisfaction which comes when a pretty and smart frock has been evolved from some old costume is not known to the lady who orders her dresses from Worth; nevertheless it is sweet. The writer knows a woman who simply revels in made-over gowns, and is fond of dubbing them "resurrected rags." She gets a lot of fun out of her old clothes.

A New York woman wanted a new evening gown. She was not ready to buy for the season, and she didn't wish to miss the function for which it was necessary to prepare. She tumbled over the Summer silks and muslins—all were too soiled, shabby or too well known. She must contrive something that would look the thing it was

not—a new gown. At last she dragged from an almost forgotten trunk an old-fashioned black satin gown, ugly, with a long basque and tight sleeves. Time after time had she taken out that dress, looked at it with dismay, remarked, "Oh, you hideous thing!" and thrust it back in ignominy. Now she held it up to the light and a peaceful and triumphant expression settled upon her face. Fortu-



"OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES."

nately the gown had a train. She removed much of the fullness and shaped the skirt to the present fashionable requirements. The basque was quickly cut into a snug, round waist with a deep, square front and back. Some of the material taken from the skirt made the huge puffed sleeves. Some old lace made the deep Charles I. collar, and my lady gave her costume a little French touch by introducing folds of rose-pink crêpe de Chine round the bottom of the skirt, bodice and sleeves, and by a big soft bow on the breast. She was rewarded by the inner consciousness that there was not a better dressed woman at that particular reception.

BEAUTIFUL HOLIDAY JEWELRY.

CHRISTMAS will be upon us before we realize its advent, and it is well to begin suggestions for presents. Jewelry is always a favorite and suitable gift for the season, and there are many new and exquisite designs calculated to please the most fastidious. Women, especially, are never weary of dainty brooches, bonnet-pins, rings and bangles. In brooches there are shown spiders, tortoises, crabs and owls carried out with wonderful fidelity to nature, the bodies being formed of pearls, opals or turquoises, edged with diamonds; a superb black pearl is wonderfully effective as the body of a diamond spider. If one objects to jeweled insects and crustacea, there are lovely bow-knots of diamonds, gold and pearl mistletoe brooches, birds, robins, swallows in diamonds. Heart brooches remain in favor and are often fastened with true-lovers' knots. A novel brooch is in the form of a chess-board, composed of diamonds, with the knight, king or queen in gold. Tiny harps of diamonds or pearls are new. A gorgeous brooch is a parrot of diamonds, emeralds and rubies chained to a gold bar. A present calculated to please any dainty, gentle woman, is one of the numerous silver toilet articles now so greatly in favor. Of these, there is no end; silver-backed brushes and combs, trays for hairpins and bonnet-pins, powder-puff boxes, manicure utensils, shoe-horn, glove-stretchers, bonbon boxes, bottles for perfume and toilet-waters. There are tiny silver-gilt carriage-clocks and bonbon boxes ornamented with little miniatures painted on ivory. A handsome present for a man is a silver inkstand or a crescent-shaped silver liquor-stand, fitted with four glasses, a silver-mounted bottle and a cigarette-holder attached to a silver star.

NEW YORK TO THE WEST VIA BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.

THE B. & O. Co. now operates a complete service of fast Express trains direct from New York to Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati. Pullman Sleepers are run through from New York to the three cities named, without change or transfer.

The fastest trains in America run via B. & O. R. R. between New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and all the trains are equipped with Pullman, Buffet, Parlor and Sleeping Cars.

Great improvements have been made in the roadway and equipment of the B. & O. in the last two years, and its present train service is equal to any in the land. In addition to its attractions in the way of superb scenery and historic interest, all B. & O. trains between the East and West run via Washington.

FOR upwards of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

THIS YEAR'S HORSE SHOW.

The eighth annual Horse Show, under the auspices of the National Horse Show Association of America, is over. It was a success from a horse standpoint. The thoroughbred class was the only one not well represented, as breeders will not risk shipping their very valuable animals from Kentucky and other distant States merely to receive a blue ribbon. The bay stallion Foxhall was entered, and many thought him a sure winner; but the judges fancied imp. Mikado, formerly owned by D. D. Withers.

Class 3 was for trotters. It was the champion prize class opened to all stallions having taken a first prize at any recognized Horse Show. Quartermaster took the blue ribbon away from the old-time favorite, Mambrino King. In Class 4, for stallions to be shown with four of their get, Quartermaster also took the first prize against such stallions as Chimes, by Electioneer, and Alcantara, by George Wilkes. But Quartermaster had to be contented with a second prize in Class 5, for stallions, kept for service. Chimes, by Electioneer, showed better action when exhibited by the side of a saddle horse.

Colonel Lawrence Kip did not fare badly this year with his roadsters. In Class 19, for mares or geldings, in pairs,

Lauderdale and one with Jim Dandy, a gray gelding of fifteen and one-half hands. The term "saddle horse" implies an extensive meaning, and the judges find it very difficult to come to a decision, for I noticed among the entries harness horses, hunters and even park hacks.

A "high-school" class was offered again this year, but it is to be hoped the association will do away with this circus-like performance next year. Nothing is more inappropriate than to see a horse dancing around the ring to the time of music, making all kinds of unnatural motions. Emile Antony won the blue ribbon this year again on the black gelding Roland, owned by Miss Ehret.

Now for the hunters! Honest John, an imported Irish gelding by Bryn Gwyne, and owned by Charles Carroll, made a splendid exhibition of taking the bars, and he got a blue ribbon. Oxford, a comparatively green hunter, owned by Mayor Hugh J. Grant, also cleared the bars in a way that won him admiration. It was in a class where Honest John was a competitor, and he was awarded the blue ribbon, while Honest John took second prize. Fred Gebhard's Countess jumped well, and took a blue ribbon. Transport was never in better form, and at the high jump he made a tie with George Pepper's Maud, a bay of 14.2 1-2 hands. Some experienced cross-country riders say that

proper cold, pale sky, with clouds enough to screen the sun and with the trees in the suburbs naked and their bare limbs silhouetted above a monotone of brown earth and grass. Yale won the toss, and, having decided on an aggressive game, took the ball. McCormick, the Yale captain, formed the wedge, and with Stillman, the giant center of the blue, holding the ball, the teams eyed each other warily. Like a flash Stillman passed the ball to McCormick, who in turn passed it to L. Bliss, and the Yale men plowed forward with terrific energy. The Princeton eleven, as one man, hurled themselves upon the blue, checking the advance, and the wedge disintegrated. "Buckle down to it now. Play together!" shouted McCormick, and, muttering a signal, passed the ball to Laurie Bliss. The tow-headed half back was running when he received the ball, and, tucking it under his right arm, he darted for Princeton's right end as though borne on the wings of the wind. McCormick and Butterworth brushed half a dozen Princeton men aside, and, interposing their bodies between the enemy and their companion, shielded him in his mad run for the enemy's goal. With head lowered and teeth clinched, Bliss dodged and ducked, always under the watchful care of McCormick and Butterworth, whose interference was superb, until



GOING IN TO THANKSGIVING DINNER.

his team Mona, by Jay Gould, and Messilla, by Kentucky Prince, took the blue ribbon.

But it was the hackney classes that called forth the admiration of the assemblage. The hackney is a genuine English production and the ideal of beauty in horseflesh. As we announced last week, Bonfire, a perfectly trained hackney, took the blue ribbon in Classes 23 and 25. The same Bonfire was bought only a short time ago, by John A. Logan, Jr., for seven thousand dollars. In hackney mares, fifteen hands and under, Dr. Seward Webb's Lady Alice was the queen. Silver Belle, also owned by Dr. Webb, and a red ribbon winner, had splendid action. Star of Mepal, Jr., won the blue ribbon in Class 30 for one-year-old stallions. Danseur, imp. by Studi, by Orange, took the blue ribbon for coaching stallions.

For horses in harness imp. Ivanhoe, a splendid black gelding, was awarded the first prize. But Her Majesty made up for the defeat in Class 43, for pairs of mares or geldings over 14.1 hands, when, with Dagmar as mate, she took the blue ribbon.

The tandem classes attracted great attention. Harry Hamlin, who invariably takes second prize, with Gladys and Queen, won the blue ribbon this year. But Charles A. Bandonline, who is president of the New York Tandem Club, held the reins on John Sandford's cart, behind Portia and Jessica, and took second prize. T. Suffern Tailer drove his pair and so did Richard F. Carman, but the other ribbons went to George W. Curtis with his Roulette and Faro, and Frederick Gebhard's His Highness and Gray Planet.

The same competitors met again, in Class 56, for best appointed park tandem, and Harry Hamlin's Gladys and Queen won again. But this time T. Suffern Tailer, with a bay and a roan gelding, took the red ribbon from Fred Gebhard. Four-in-hand teams came next, with eleven entries. Fred Gebhard won the blue ribbon with his four browns—Nip, Tuck, Fuss and Feathers. Dr. W. Seward Webb's team won the favor of the spectators, but the judges thought otherwise.

The saddle horses did not make much show this year, but Eugene Higgins took three blue ribbons—two with

Mr. H. L. Herbert's Transport is the best all-around hunter in this country; but the judges failed to agree with that opinion, for they awarded the champion prize to Percy Chubb's Julep, ridden by De Ruyter Hollin.

A particular breed of horse was exhibited, for the first time, this year. It was a half-breed hackney. Lord Loudoun was his name, sired by Matchless, of Londesboro, a hackney, by Harold Mambrino, a trotter. The grand dam was by Planet, a thoroughbred. As Lord Loudoun is only a year old it is too soon to tell what he will be able to do with his fine form from the hackney side and the endurance he gets from his trotter-thoroughbred dam.

The consensus of opinion is that the show brought together as good stock as could be found anywhere.

J. JEROME CARROLL.

HOW TOUCHDOWNS ARE MADE.

The annual football match between the Yale and Princeton elevens was played at Manhattan Field, New York City, on November 24th, and resulted in a victory for Yale on a score of 12 to 0. Laurie Bliss made a touchdown by a run from the field and Butterworth kicked a goal. The second touchdown was made by Stillman on a fluke kick by Homans, of Princeton. The goal was afterward kicked without difficulty. The teams lined up as follows:

Yale.	Positions.	Princeton.
Hinkey.....	Left end.....	Randolph
Winter.....	Left tackle.....	Lea
McCrea.....	Left guard.....	Wheeler
Stillman.....	Center.....	Balliet
Hickok.....	Right guard.....	Hall
Wallis.....	Right tackle.....	Harrold
Greenway.....	Right end.....	Trenchard
McCormick.....	Quarter back.....	King
L. T. Bliss.....	Left half back.....	Poe
C. D. Bliss.....	Right half back.....	Morse
Butterworth.....	Full back.....	Homans

Referee—W. A. Brooks, Harvard; Umpire—S. V. Coffin, Wesleyan.

It was a typical Thanksgiving Day. It had just the

Homans, the last of Princeton's men, had been passed. Then, with the whole tribe of Nassau straining at his heels and the adherents of Yale shouting like mad things in their delirious joy, Bliss passed over the line and made a touchdown in the center of the goal. The most extravagant scenes of exhilaration ensued, and when Butterworth kicked the goal, making the score 6 to 0 in favor of Yale at the end of barely four minutes' play, every wearer of the Yale blue was in a transport.

The faces of Princeton men were graver when the ball was carried to the center of the field and play was resumed. Princeton began with the wedge; but, though her men forced the ball into Yale's field, they were sent back again. Poe very nearly made a touchdown. So ended the first half.

The recess gave the great assemblage a chance to talk and the players an opportunity to bathe their wounds and cool their parched throats. Early in the play, when resumed, Laurie Bliss was badly injured. He played on awhile, but retired in favor of Greaves after the second goal had been kicked. This is how the second touchdown was made: It was Princeton's ball on her own forty-five-yard line. Failing to gain, Homans punted, and gains by Butterworth and Greenway carried it back to the center of the field. The Princetons played with almost superhuman endeavor to carry the leather into Yale's territory; but, failing, Homans punted. The kick was low, and giant Stillman blocked the kick, the ball bounding back toward the Princeton goal. Over the line it went, and after it sped Captain King, of Princeton, Stillman, and McCormick, the captain of the Yale team. Stillman reached the ball first, and, falling upon it, scored another touchdown for the blue. It was the purest kind of a fluke, and when Butterworth kicked the goal with the utmost ease, increasing Yale's score to 12 to 0, the Princetons were a disgusted-looking set of men.

The boys from Nassau Hall were hopelessly beaten, but played a desperate game until the umpire's whistle blew. Fully 30,000 people witnessed the struggle.

"HAPPINESS is not the end of life—character is."—H. W. BEECHER.

WITH THE MEADOW BROOK HOUNDS.

WHEN an English gentleman comes to this country on a visit, the first thing he is attracted to is a fox hunt club. He will probably attend a run, and after it is over will remark: "Very mild, but interesting."

He is right, taking the average run into consideration, but he wouldn't have occasion to criticize had he followed the Meadow Brook hounds for a day.—(See page 5.)

The clubhouse of the Meadow Brooks is situated on a picturesque spot, at Westbury, on Long Island. The ground was formerly the old Stewart estate. The members usually have a gala time on a holiday, so on Thanksgiving Day they got up a little earlier than usual, donned their pinks and started for the clubhouse. The festivities of the day started off with a hunt breakfast. It is the custom of the members to be the guest of some member at their country seat, where breakfast is served, followed by a run which ends at the clubhouse; but the club is in mourning now, owing to the death of Charles Cottenet a short time ago, and such formal affairs would be entirely out of the question at present. The breakfast began at noon and at two o'clock cigars were served. An hour later the field was mounted, and, led by the master of hounds, they were making their way toward the kennels.

Very little ceremony follows, and with a wave of the master's whip the hounds are off, and making the very heavens echo with their harsh yell. Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., the master of hounds, is in the lead, and always remains there no matter what kind of a horse he mounts. Upon this occasion, though, he rode Prince Charming, a promising hunter. Next comes Mr. Henry L. Herbert, mounted on his great jumper, Transport, a noted ribbon winner, and following him closely is Mr. Charles Carroll on his imported Irish hunter, Honest John. Mr. Stanley Mortimer is running a race with Mr. Carroll, and closing up the rear are Messrs. Sidney Dillon Ripley, Albert C. Stevens, E. Willard Roby, A. H. Hays and J. F. D. Lanier.

And so the run continues; now and then someone spurts ahead and then falls back again. Presently a pretty high fence is confronted and J. F. D. Lanier drops out, and, following him, comes E. Willard Roby, and then possibly Mr. Ripley and others. But at the death Mr. Tommy Hitchcock has yet to fail to be on hand, and the same may be said of Mr. H. L. Herbert. Mr. Stanley Mortimer ends up oftener than he drops out on an average, and so does Mr. Charles Carroll; but the master of hounds always leads his field over some very stiff country, and to be on hand at the death the rider must sum up all his courage and skill in the saddle.

Unless one joins the hunt with the Meadow Brooks, it is difficult to keep track of the run. Sometimes the wives, daughters and friends of the members gather at the finish and escort the hunters home, and at other times they follow along the road in teams, trying to keep pace with them.

stroll around the clubhouse, chat and sip tea until the hunters make their appearance in the distance on the return.

They did certainly receive a hearty welcome when they returned from this last hunt. It was about half-past four when the pink horsemen were observed coming up the road. A minute later everyone was out on the veranda. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs and the hunters their crops; smiles were exchanged and a few minutes later the huntsmen and their friends were once more together, laughing, chatting and making merry.



BALLINGTON BOOTH SPEAKING.—(See page 3.)

But sometimes the return home is not surrounded with such happiness. A rider has been hurt. The Meadow Brooks have had a varied experience; but to avoid a scene when such an accident occurs, a rider is sent ahead



SILVERHOOD OF THE SLUMS

to break the news, so that the return may be attended with as little ceremony as possible.

The life of a hunter is a jolly one, although attended as it is with dangerous surroundings. He is fully aware of what he may expect in the field, but he believes that one faces danger every minute of the day, so he follows his chosen sport, and when some comrade falls and is killed he sighs and says: "Poor fellow." The next hunt day finds him in the field, as usual, and he continues to be there until old age calls to him—"Time."

THE AMERICAN STAGE.

RARELY has there been such a galaxy of attractions offered at the local theaters.

Mr. Bronson Howard's comedy of "Aristocracy," to judge by the present indications, has entered, at Palmer's Theater, upon a long and prosperous career. In the comedy is a satire upon the prevailing Anglo-mania, which cannot fail to exert its influence. The production has provoked much discussion by the critics. It is true that weak spots have been discovered in the play. It is to be doubted that an English nobleman, "hard up" as he might be, would permit the American millionaire to talk to him as he does without resenting the insult, or that the Americans would be so daunted by their surroundings as to act as they do in London society. The satire is none the less effective, however, because of these exaggerations. The comedy is cleverly written, and the audiences keenly enjoy the "points." All the hits are palpable. The acting has generally improved since the first night, though all

the ladies still speak too confidentially to be heard throughout the auditorium.

Once more, as in the palmy days, comic opera crowds the Casino, and when the attractions of "The Fencing Master" decline the Aronsons will produce Sydney Rosenfeld's work of "The Rain-maker of Syria."

Manager Frohman has kept very quiet about his novelty for the Lyceum Theater. He now announces that it will be a translation of a new comedy by Sardou, entitled "Americans Abroad," which is now in active rehearsal for production for the holidays. In the meantime the company will continue to give their generally very acceptable performance of the comedy of "The Grey Mare."

Mr. E. S. Willard, one of the best actors that has come to us from London, has made his metropolitan reappearance at the Star Theater, in Henry Arthur Jones's strong melodrama of "The Middleman," in which he gives a finished and effective personation, well supported by Miss Marie Burroughs and the company that Mr. A. M. Palmer has provided for him. During the engagement Mr. Willard will produce a new play.

Miss Rose Coghlan was so much encouraged by the great success which has attended her and her excellent company in "Diplomacy" at the Star Theater that she is determined to try next season the production of "Money," and, if successful, to make standard works her specialty in the future. Miss Coghlan did not do well in her new plays last year, and, as she is so well qualified for the standard comedies, her decision to adhere to this line is wise. Her brother, the graceful Charles, will be associated with her, and is again acting with his old-time spirit and strength. No one who saw Charles Coghlan's admirable performance in "A Man of Success," at the Union Square Theater, some years ago, will ever forget it. It is remembered with the late Charles Dillon's *Belphegor* or the late Lawrence Barrett's *Man o' Airlie*.

Three adaptations of Dumas's comedy, "Demi-monde," which is still the theatrical sensation in Paris, will be seen in this country this season. Mrs. J. Brown-Potter and Mr. Kyle Bellew will soon succeed the Lilliputians at the Union Square Theater in an adaptation entitled "The Crust of Society," under the management of Mr. John Stetson. Mrs. Bernard-Beere will play a version, while "Baroness" Blanc will have one also, made for her by Miss Mattie Sheridan.

Mr. A. M. Palmer, relieved from the managerial cares of his theaters and company by substituting them, is arranging a tour for Mrs. Helen Barry, who is evidently not discouraged by her previous attempts to obtain recognition in America. Mr. Paul M. Potter, who is not generally held responsible for that perennial absurdity, "The City Directory," has written a new play for Mrs. Barry, called "The Duchess." In the company that has been engaged to support Mrs. Barry I notice the name of that old-time favorite, Mr. J. B. Polk, who has evidently had enough of starrng.

Charles Frohman is a little, rotund, smooth-faced man, who looks as if he did not have a care, yet he is one of the most energetic managers, having half a dozen companies traveling and always some great metropolitan production on hand. Having produced Bronson Howard's comedy of "Aristocracy" at Palmer's, he is now arranging to inaugurate the new Empire Theater, on Broadway near Fortieth street, early in January with a new American comedy by Belasco.

Harrison and Bell have arranged for an eight-weeks' run at Herrmann's Theater of "Little Tuppitt." In consequence of the demands of Mr. Gerry's society dolls will be introduced instead of the two bouncing babies, which seemed to enjoy the fun as much as the elders.

Charles Bernard's plays of "The Country Circus" and "The County Fair" have been produced for long runs, the first at the Broadway Theater, the latter at Proctor's Theater. In "The County Fair" the realistic racing scene divides the honors with Neil Burgess, whose widow is a quainter and more finished piece of acting than Sheridan's, while in "The Country Circus" the street parade and ring performance is really as enjoyable as the real thing.

Mrs. Bernard-Beere followed "Lena Despard" at the Manhattan Opera House with "Arlene," a poor dramatization of Mrs. Campbell-Pread's novel, "The Bond of Wedlock." Mrs. Beere was suffering from a cold and overwork the first week of her engagement, and scarcely did herself justice in the role of *Lena Despard*, but in a measure redeemed herself in that of *Arlene*.

It is intended to run for the rest of the season—"Aristocracy," at Palmer's Theater; "A Trip to Chinatown," at the Madison Square Theater; "The Black Crook," at the Academy of Music. There is every indication that the management of the Garden Theater can rely on The Bostonians in "Robin Hood" as a popular attraction as long as their arrangements will permit.

Boston considered Zola's "Therese," played by Mrs. J. Brown-Potter and Mr. Kyle Bellew risqué and immoral, but Chicago does not, and success has attended the production at the Chicago Opera House.

Mr. George Grossmith's charming entertainment is better adapted to a parlor than a large hall, and interests the cultured few rather than the crowd, though for years he has attracted the masses in England.

Miss Dorothy Dene has been engaged to appear with the Theater of Arts on the occasion of its first performance, December 15th.

Harrigan has at length consented to revive the famous Mulligan series, which made him fame and fortune years ago, and has followed "Quattro Sovereignty" with "The Mulligan Guard Ball." Dixey has made a hit in "Mr. Dobbs, of Chicago," which is a new version by Gunter of his "Polly Middles." In view of the success of "The Fencing Master" at the Casino, Dixey has abandoned all hopes of a season at that house. He will reappear at Palmer's Theater next Summer. C. F.

THOUGHTS FOR THE WEEK.

December 4—Sunday—

"The true nobility proceeds from God,
Not left us by inheritance, but given
By bounty of our stars and grace of heaven."—Dryden.

December 5—Monday—"Wit is brushwood, judgment timber; the one gives the greatest flame, the other yields the durable heat; and both meeting make the best fire."—Sir Thomas Overbury.

December 6—Tuesday—"Better than houses and lands the gift of a woman's affection."—Longfellow.

December 7—Wednesday—"Courage is adversity's lamp."—Vauvenargues.

December 8—Thursday—"Smiles are much more becoming than frowns if people have a mind to be handsome; they must not be peevish and untoward."—Jeremy Collier.

December 9—Friday—"Parting and forgetting? What faithful heart can do these? Our great thoughts, our great affections, the truths of our life, never leave us."—Thackeray.

December 10—Saturday—"Never yet was good accomplished
Without hand or thought."—Barry Cornwall.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOTES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

DON'T TOBACCO SPIT YOUR LIFE AWAY

Is the startling, truthful title of a little book just received, telling all about *Notobac*, the wonderful, harmless, economical, guaranteed cure for the tobacco habit in every form. Tobacco users who want to quit and can't, by mentioning *ONCE A WEEK*, can get the book mailed free. Address THE STERLING REMEDY CO., Box 728, Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind.



JOE THE YORK

No one except the master knows the direction of the drag until the hounds are off, and the most popular custom adopted by the pretty women who gather there is to

“A YARD OF PANSIES”—FREE.

One of these exquisite oil pictures 36 inches long a companion piece to “A Yard of Roses,” and equal to the original painting which cost \$300, will be sent to you or any of your friends, who will enclose three two-cent stamps each, to pay for packing, mailing, etc. Accompanying it will be full directions for beautifully framing it at home at a cost of a few cents, making a Christmas gift worth at least \$5.00. This valuable present will be sent to you to show you the beautiful works of art that are published with DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE. Address W. Jennings Demorest, 15 E. 14th St., New York.



OBEESITY.

Dr. Schindler - Barnay's treatise on Obesity mailed free on application. Dr. Schindler's Marienbad Reduction Pills mailed upon receipt of \$2.00-3 boxes for \$5.00. Dr. Schindler-Barnay's is the best known authority on Obesity. His writings are quoted in all text books on this disease. ELKES & MENDENHALL CO., Agents, New York.

What a Woman Can Do



She can wash, rinse and dry 10 or 100 dishes at one time with a machine, without chipping or breaking a dish, and without using a dish mop or towel; she can save from two to three hours per day of disagreeable work, and prevent the destruction of her hands, by simply purchasing the Light-running and noiseless Stevens Dish-Washing Machine. You run no risk, as every machine is guaranteed to do its work perfectly, or money refunded. Enquire for it at your hardware, stove dealer or housefurnishing goods store, or send for special offer. Dealers illustrations, testimonials, and special offer. Dealers wanted.

Stevens Dish-Washing Machine Co., No. 37 Arcade, CLEVELAND, O.

A BOOK FOR EVERY MAN

Only \$1.00. Strength! Vitality! THE SCIENCE OF LIFE KNOW THYSELF.

Or SELF-PRESERVATION. A new and only Gold Medal PRIZE ESSAY ON EXHAUSTED VITALITY and all NERVOUS and PHYSICAL DISEASES OF MAN. 300 pages, cloth, gilt; 125 invaluable prescriptions. Only \$1 by mail. Descriptive Prospectus with Indorsements of the Press and testimonials of the cured. Consultation in person or by mail. Expert treatment. Address Dr. W. H. Parker, or the Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch Street, Boston, Mass.

MASSAGEO

(Registered Trade-Mark.) Develops, preserves Beauty. Will massage away wrinkles, lines, blemishes. Foods and nourishes the skin. Gives a lovely complexion and youthful bloom. The cure of pimples, blackheads, freckles, tan, sallowness, guaranteed. Price, \$1, by mail, with Manual teaching Parisian Face Massage, also massage for bodily development, neuralgia, rheumatism. Face cleansing, removal of superfluous hair, etc. SYLVAN TOILET CO., Proprietors, Detroit, Michigan. Massageo Facial Soap, for use with Massageo. For beautifying the complexion. By mail, 50c. LADY WANTED to massage sale at home of the elegant Sylvan "Toilets." Terms, Toilet Parlor Plan, and Beauty Book, "Art of Massage," sent Free.

MUSIC SALE.

To reduce our stock of Music we will send by mail, post-paid, 70 pieces full sheet music size, including songs, marches, waltzes, quadrilles, etc., by Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Mozart, etc., for 20c. Read this—Mr. H. M. Am very much pleased with the music sent. It is worth ten times the money. R. J. ALLEN, Hooisick Falls, N. Y.

DOUBLE BREECH-LOADER \$7.50. RIFLES \$2.00. WATCHES. BICYCLES \$15. All kinds cheaper than elsewhere. Before you buy, send stamp for catalogue to THE POWELL & CLEVELAND CO., 106 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

CATARRH First packet FREE for stamp, to get you to try it. SURE CURE. DRUG HOUSE, Drawer 153, Buffalo, N. Y.

HOW I SUFFERED.

I WAS an English army officer in the Indian service, and was about leaving to return home by way of Japan and the United States. The farewell dinner had been enjoyed, and I was spending the last night with Major Bradshaw.

I was stretched in a reclining-chair, smoking, when the major asked: "Did you ever smoke hashish?"

"No," I replied; "but I confess to having had a morbid curiosity to enjoy the drug once."

"Very well, my boy; you'll never try it but once. I have some here that an old officer left me." And he hobbled away to get the accursed weed. The major soon returned with the pipe and I smoked the hashish under his direction. Soon I became conscious of a numbness and dizziness, but otherwise for a time I felt quite as usual. I finished the pipe, and was overcome by drowsiness—a dull languor that is irresistible. I was rather annoyed to find myself being driven rapidly to the railroad station and to be told that the train for Calcutta left in a few minutes. I hurried into the car, but tried in vain to shake off the feeling of unreality that clung to me for the greater part of my land journey. When I took the steamer, that sensation left me, and was succeeded by so unwonted an exhilaration that I began to understand the fascination of the Indian drug.

I enjoyed every moment of the voyage; each tumbling wave and flying cloud was tinted like a shell, and the passengers seemed to me the elect of earth.

I disembarked at San Francisco to find in America everything I had anticipated. The electric atmosphere, the delicate beauty of the women, the brightness and vivacity of the men, the gayety of the streets, the bustling life of the people, all sustained in me the high spirits which I attributed to the long rest and the salt air of my voyages.

Everybody goes to see the great trees—the mammoth sequoias. I determined to visit them, even though I should be a few days later at my destination. In order to see them without the distraction caused by the presence of others, I hired a saddle-horse—and rode by myself, taking with me a little luncheon, as I intended to spend the day.

After so long an interval, there was a feeling of freedom in again galloping through the woods and fields, and I urged my horse to his highest speed. When I was in lonely places, I whistled and sang, and declaimed aloud.

My horse was thoroughly tired by the time we reached the great grove, and slowed down to an almost halting walk. The trees were indescribably grand. I held my breath as I gazed upon their massive bulk and their towering grandeur. I thought little of their size—at least as compared with other things. I thought only of their awful majesty. They seemed to me survivors of a time before the flood—of the days when there were giants, and when beasts as mighty warred with these Titans for existence. Insensibly a terror of these great creatures crept over me, a sense of helplessness and of my pettiness beside them. I turned away; and, seeing my horse cropping the grass, I laughed.

"That's right, old boy," I said aloud. "Let us enjoy the good things of the present!"

I got the luncheon basket, opened a bottle of wine and settled down at the foot of one of the largest of the trees.

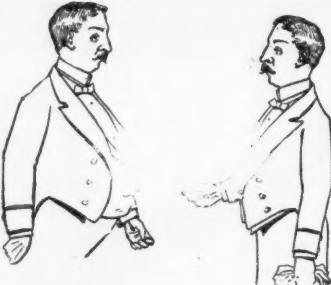
The wine was good, and so were the sandwiches, and I was thinking only of satisfying my keen hunger when I heard my horse scream.

Have you ever heard that scream of a terror-stricken horse? I had, once or twice in battle, and I knew it as a harbinger of horror.

I turned and saw a sight that since has never left me. The horse was at my right, looking straight up into the air, and shaking as in an ague. I, too, raised my eyes. Above him hanging from a limb of the gigantic sequoia was a creature unspeakably huge and horrible beyond imagining. It was bulbous, many-eyed, and with legs that looked as long as the masts of a fishing-smack. It swung suspended from a cable—a white, glistening, mighty cable—and I saw that it had the form of a spider.

Instinctively I sprang to my feet, but my cry of involuntary terror died in my throat. As I rose, the spider dropped upon the

FREE If you will send us within the next 30 days a photograph or a tintype of yourself, or any member of your family, living or dead, we will make you one of our best \$25.00 life-size CRAYON PORTRAITS absolutely free of charge. This offer is made to introduce our artistic portraits in your vicinity. Put your name and address back of photo., and send same to Cody & Co., 755 DeKalb Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. References: Rev. T. DeWitt Talmadge, all newspaper publishers, Banks, and Express Companies of New York and Brooklyn. P. S.—We will forfeit \$100 to any one sending us photo. and not receiving crayon picture Free as per this offer.



Reduced 42 pounds in 52 days and feels better.

OBESITY. HEAVY PEOPLE. FAT FOLKS. NO DIETING. NO PURGING.

LOSES WEIGHT AND FEELS BETTER.

From John G. Hunnewell, Brunswick Hotel, Boston:

Messrs. Loring & Co.—During the few days that I have spent at this hotel I have seen excellent results from the use of your Bands and Obesity Pills. I know the system reduced the weight of a gentleman nineteen (19) pounds in 31 days, and during the treatment his general health has greatly improved. He is very enthusiastic in praise of your remedy.

CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE.

Gentlemen: I am now full of confidence, but not so full of fat as formerly. I am one of your loudest shouters for Dr. Edison's Obesity Pills. I have induced several of the fat boys to go to your store to talk with you, and get your Obesity Pills.

CHAS. B. KING.

The Price Is \$1.00 Per Bottle.

Mailed free on receipt of price.

Obesity Band, any size up to 36 inches, is \$2.50; 10 cents extra for each additional inch in length. Pills are \$1.50 per bottle, or three bottles for \$4; enough for one treatment.

You can buy the Pills, Bands and Salt direct from our stores, or by mail or express.

LORING & CO.,

34 A 2 EAST WASHINGTON ST., Chicago,

4 I-2 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

42 C 3 W. 22d Street, New York City

Cut this out and keep it and send for our full-page (eight column) article on Obesity.

MONEY IN WINTER

Agents sell from \$200 to \$500 worth of Arnold Automatic Steam Cookers per month. Don't remain idle, or work for small wages, when you might be making more money than in Summer. Write for terms at once. Wilmot Castle & Co. (14) Elm St., Rochester, N. Y.

WIGS, Beards, Make-up materials and all necessary supplies for amateur theatricals, entertainments, masquerades, etc. Catalogues sent free. Barrow & Palmer, 116 Monroe St., CHICAGO

Important to Fleshy people.

We have noticed a page article in the Boston Globe on reducing weight at a very small expense. It will pay our readers to send two cent stamp for a copy to Wilson Circulating Library, 10 Hamilton Place, Boston Mass.

BEST PAVING THING for Agents is our PHOTOGRAPH FAMILY RECORD PICTURE. We give you liberal terms. Address Dept. 23 C. P. CORY & CO., 41 to 45 Jefferson St., Chicago.

MOUTH ORGAN CHARTS teaches a tune in 10 minutes. Free. Self-instructors. Band and orchestra music. Musical instruments. Catalogue 2c. Agents wanted. MUSIC NOVELTY CO., Detroit, Mich.

PHOTOS 17 only 10c., 58 for 25c., with large illus. cat. THURBER & Co., Bay Shore, N. Y.

\$18.00 A WEEK paid ladies writing at home. Address with stamped envelope. MISS CAMILLA AVERY, box 60, South Bend, Ind.

PROGRESSIVE EUCHRE. Send at once to JOHN SEBASTIAN, G. T. A. C. R. I. & P. R. R., Chicago, and receive, postage paid, the slickest deck of cards you ever handled. TEN CENTS per pack, postage stamps, for one or many.

FULL BEARD AND Prof. Drake's Electric Shaver. Shave in 20 seconds. Full size Electric Shaver. Hair Curler, Dressing Goggles, Hair Making Guide, Unique Pocket Book and Ladies Guide to Marriage. All 25c., 3 sets 60c., (no stamp, worth 5 times this amount). Smith Med. Co., Palestine, Ills.

THE HOUSEWIFE



WILL INSURE \$12,500.00 in Cash Premium Drafts to its Subscribers IN DECEMBER. ANY LADY who would appreciate a paid-for copy of a paper devoted solely to the interests of her own true sphere—the home, in which such charming writers as MARION HARLAND, JULIET CORSON, MARY A. DENNISON, ELIZABETH PARKER, MARY LOWE DICKINSON, CORA STEWART WHEELER, MARY KYLE DALLAS, and many others contribute special original matter on topics pertaining to woman's work and woman's pleasure can have such a paper THE HOUSEWIFE THREE MONTHS FREE! (December, January, February) and thus become participants in the December issue of cash premium drafts by mentioning this paper, and sending their name and address, with three 2-cent stamps to cover postage and mailing to The Housewife, 81 Warren St., New York.

DR. WILLIAMS, 235 Wis. Street, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

CURES YOUNG AND MIDDLE-AGED MEN

Kidney Troubles, etc. Address as above for Symptom Blank and advice free.

Persian (all odors for the handkerchief. SAMPLE certificate) BOTTLE FREE for two 2c. stamps. Address The PERU DRUG CO., Milwaukee, Wis.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

MME. JULIAN'S SPECIFIC, used for the past 30 years, is the only unflinching remedy for removing permanently all annoying DISFIGUREMENTS from face and body, without injuring the skin, which neither torturous electricity nor any of the advertised poisonous stuffs can accomplish. Address MME. JULIAN, formerly No. 58 East 20th street, now, 124 East 55th street, New York.

PIMPLES and FLESH-WORMS on the faces of young people. There is no remedy like my "Medicated Cream," a clear and harmless medicinal wash that cures them up at once, and cannot injure the most delicate skin. Mailed in plain sealed wrapper for 30 cts., or two for 50 cts. Pamphlet free. GEO. N. STODDARD, Druggist, 1229 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

PATENTS.

Inventors should write at once for our hand Book of Instructions, which will be sent free to any address, upon application. J. B. CRAWLEY & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

WHIST TRAYS For sale by all leading Stationers. Send for Rules and Price List to ILLINOIS BROS. & EVERARD, KALAMAZOO METHOD, Kalamazoo, Mich.

DETECTIVES

Wanted in every county to act in the Secret Service under instructions from Capt. Grannan, ex-Chief Detective of Cincinnati. Experience not necessary. Established 11 years. Particulars free. Address Grannan Detective Bureau Co. 44 Arcade, Cincinnati, O. The methods and operations of this Bureau investigated and found lawful by United States Government.

\$2.00 samples fast selling articles free to active agents. \$50.00 per week easier than \$50.00 per month in other lines. Don't miss this chance but send stamp for particulars. Address, Merrill Manufacturing Co., 1133 Chicago, Ill.

FREE

I CURE FITS! When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

Fat People You can reduce your weight 10 to 15 lbs. a month at home without starving or injury by Dr. Clarke's Home Treatment. Proofs, Testimonials Free. F. B. Clarke, M. D., Drawer 133, Chicago, Ill.

15 cts. The Great Moral Dime SHOW Baker's, 23 Winter St., Boston.

AGENTS WANTED ON SALARY or COMMISSION, to handle the New Patent Chemical Ink Erasing Penell. Agents making \$50 per week. Monroe Eraser Mfg. Co. X 108 LaCrosse, Wis.

\$58 PAID EVERY WEEK to men or women. Send stamps for instructions and sample, and commence work. R. B. & E., Newark, N. J.

WE WANT YOU

to act as our agent. We will treat you well and pay liberally for your services. The business is light, genteel and easy to handle. No special ability required. Either sex, young or old, with or without experience, can make money easily, rapidly and honorably working for us. You may begin at home, and, if you wish, work only during your spare moments and evenings. **OUR WORKERS ARE BETTER PAID THAN ALL OTHERS;** earn their money with greater ease, and we supply them with articles that people want and will have. Full particulars sent free. Write to-day and address

GEORGE STINSON & CO.,
Box 1515, Portland, Maine

A Peerless Beauty.

Can there be anything more exquisitely beautiful than a lovely young girl, just blooming into womanhood, with a skin soft as velvet and as pure as the driven snow, with a sufficient tracing of pink to suggest the

BLUSH OF A ROSE?

These are charms of complexion which invariably result from the use of

Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

This wonderful purifying agent removes blotches, pimples, tan and every trace of beauty-marring defects, and gives to the plainest features a complexion which is a perfect DREAM OF LOVELINESS.

For Sale by DRUGGISTS all Over the World.

Glenn's Soap will be sent by mail for 30 cts. for one cake, or 75 cts. for three cakes, by C. N. CRITTENTON, Sole Proprietor, 115 Fulton Street, New York City.

ONE DOZEN BOTTLES OF

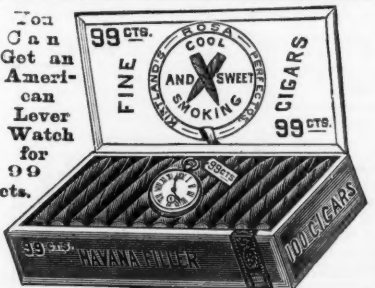


It exalts the energies, stimulates the nutritive powers, improves the appetite and aids digestion. It can be used for man, woman or child.

Matchless as a tonic in convalescence. Purchasers are warned against imposition and disappointment. Insist upon the "Genuine," which must have the signature of "JOHANN HOFF" on the neck label.



FREE by return mail, full descriptive circulars of **MOODY'S NEW AND IMPROVED TAILOR SYSTEM OF DRESS CUTTING.** Revised to date. These, only, are the genuine **TAILOR SYSTEMS** invented and copyrighted by **PROF. D. W. MOODY.** Beware of imitations. Any lady of ordinary intelligence can easily and quickly learn to cut and make any garment, in any style, to any measure, for ladies, men and children. Garments guaranteed to fit perfectly without trying on. Address **MOODY & CO. CINCINNATI, O.**



WE WILL POSITIVELY send a genuine American Lever Watch, which will run and keep good time for 30 days to introduce at once into every town, our new Special Brand of Cigars. For 99 cents, we will send during the next 60 days any person (either sex) one of our beautiful Watches, who will send us an order, with 99 cts. for a box containing 100 of our **KIRTLAND ROSA PERFECTOS CIGARS.** These are the very best Cigars we sell, and we are anxious to place them in the hands of agents and new customers at once. We know of no better way than to make such liberal inducements, that every maker will give them a trial. Every Trial Box is sure to sell 100 others. The Watch is made by one of the largest and most widely known American manufacturers, and is timed and adjusted before leaving the factory, and is **WARRANTED** one year. We will **NOT** send C.O.D. the amount is too small. We will not answer idle inquiries, we have no time. But we DO guarantee satisfaction, or refund money. Postage 20 cents extra. **KIRTLAND BROS. & CO., 62 Fulton St., N. Y.**

Garfield Tea Overcomes results of bad eating. Cures Constipation, Restores Complexion, Saves Doctors' Bills. Sample free. **GARFIELD TEA CO., 319 W. 45th St., N. Y.**
Cures Sick Headache

horse, struck him with her fangs, and he fell quivering.

Then I saw the great emerald eyes were fixed upon me, and the great body came toward me, gliding and terrible. I could not move. Gazing into the glowing eyes, I was as helpless as a clod; and in a moment the mighty legs and feet pressed their grisly bristles upon me. Brown, shiny, polished like a coat of mail, they closed upon me. I shut my eyes and awaited the stroke of those terrible fangs I had seen poised upon each side of me, and quivering as if to strike. Numb with horror, I awaited the coup de grace.

But the stroke did not come. Instead, I was raised from the ground, turned over and over, and round me I felt the viscous coils of the web. The spider was binding me like a mummy, as I had often seen flies wound after they had given up the struggle. In a moment my fate was clear to me. The spider meant to feed first upon the horse, and meanwhile to keep me for another repast. Then I tried to struggle; but at my first motion I felt the touch of the fangs, and, opening my eyes, could see the great poison ducts reeking with crimson venom.

Again I lay still, while the work of enwrapping me in that awful web went on. Soon the spider abandoned me, for I was left undisturbed. Cautiously I tried to move; but not a muscle responded. I was sealed up in a case that fitted me like a sticky coat of steel. My brain whirled and I knew nothing for an instant. When I recovered myself, I felt the air blowing in my face and opened my eyes. I found myself swinging in midair, more than a hundred feet above the ground, suspended by a long cable to one of the sequoia's branches. Far below I could see that awful creature devouring the carcass of the horse, and I felt the horror of its eyes fixed gloatingly upon me. The terrible strain was again too much for me. I either swooned or slept, for when next my senses returned it was night, and a thunderstorm was raging. Above me, when there came a flash of lightning, I saw the horrid bulk of my captor crouched in an angle of the branch and gloating down upon me.

I shrieked aloud in my agony of fear and despair. There came a thunderbolt from the sky, the cord by which I hung seemed burned asunder, and—I fell!

Down, down, down I went, until my breath left my body with the rapid rush through space. I gasped, and—awoke! I had been asleep four minutes.

BENJAMIN WEBSTER.

THE FUTURE OF WAR.

WHEN science eliminates all chance of preserving life on the battlefield, man's courage will give out. Men will not go out to fight earthquakes. To-day warfare is even more terrible than it was at the time of the battle of Sedan. Smokeless powder has been invented, noiseless powder has been spoken of, and rifles are now in use which can kill at a mile and a half. . . . Looking into the future, may we not think that the day will come when not even the old enthusiasm will suffice to induce nations to engage in war? What will happen it seems difficult even to conjecture. All we may say with certainty is that the law, Devour or thou shalt be devoured, will remain the supreme law of life, even when the cannon's mouth is closed forever.—**GEORGE MOORE, in Fortnightly Review.**

The best recommendation yet made by high authority about the militia of the various States is that of General Schofield, who advises the government to supply all the regular army. It is not pleasing to think that our fine militia boys should ever have to shoot anyone or be shot at; but so long as they do carry rifles, to be used in case of emergency, they ought to have the best, with no differences of caliber to make trouble in the event of war. Uniforms and parades are very pretty, and regimental balls are lots of fun; but the rifle is the business end of the militiaman.



A sparkling gem of beauty. **C. H. B. SOLID GOLD EXCLUSIVE DIAMOND RING**, that would cost \$15 to \$20 in any jewelry store, can be obtained by you absolutely free. If you wish to secure this valuable present, measure your finger with a piece of string, to insure perfect fit, then **CUT OUT THIS ADVT** and return to us with 10 cts. in silver, and we shall mail you **A BOX OF PERFUMERY** that will bring you more money than anything else in America. Absolute certainty. No capital required, and suitable for either sex. This **OUR GRAND OFFER.** Upon receipt of your order with 25 cts. for 3 boxes of **PERFUMERY**, we will send **ABSOLUTELY FREE** as a premium, the handsome ring illustrated here. Remember the ring is sent free as a premium, and we give you a box of perfumery to advertise our business. The Box of Perfumery alone is worth five times the amount we ask for it. Reference: all Publishers, any Mercantile Agency or Express Agent in this city. Address **W. S. SIMPSON, P. O. Box 2574, New York.**

CHRISTMAS CARDS BY MAIL.



Christmas comes but once a year, And when it comes it brings good cheer.

STAMPS AND POSTAL NOTES RECEIVED. Novelties, at 15, 25, 50, 75 cents and \$1.00 each, for Birthday or Anniversary, which will be selected with care for different tastes and ages.

PAPER. BEACON HILL LINEN. For Fashionable Uses is the Best Paper made. COMMONWEALTH LINEN. A Medium-priced but Fine Grade. U. S. TREASURY BOND. Toughest Paper made. Is very fashionable. CARTER'S TYPEWRITING PAPER. "Best and Cheapest in the market."

PAPER BY THE POUND. and envelopes from 10c. a pound and upward, with prices and number of sheets to a pound, sent on receipt of 15c. These papers are the correct sizes and finish for fashionable correspondence.

SPECIAL OFFER. On orders of \$10 and over, we will prepay freight charges to nearest railroad station. On your orders with friends and take advantage of this. Agents and dealers should correspond with us.

ENGRAVED VISITING CARDS. For \$1.75 we send a copperplate, finely engraved, with 50 cards. Estimates furnished for Wedding and Class-Day Invitations, Street Dies, Crests and Stamping. Samples free on application. All the work is done on our premises. We employ only the best workmen and use the finest cards. We guarantee satisfaction.

Handsome boxes of fine stationery, plain or illuminated, for 35 cents, 50 cents, 75 cents, \$1.00 to \$2.00 each, sure to give satisfaction.

H. H. CARTER & CO., 3 Beacon St., Boston.

VILLA MARIA ACADEMY,

139 E. 79th Street, corner Lexington Avenue, NEW YORK CITY.

This institution, under the direction of the Nuns of the Congregation of Notre Dame (Montreal), is a select and limited school for young ladies desirous of pursuing any branch of higher education. A special inducement is here offered to those who would acquire a thorough and practical knowledge of the French language. Drawing, Painting, Vocal Music, Type-writing and Stenography taught by Professors holding Testimonials of superior ability from many of the American Clergy. There is also an Elementary Course. A few young lady boarders can be accommodated in the Convent. Reopens September 8. For terms and particulars apply to

References required.

FORTUNES FOR OLD COINS

I BUY 900 DATES AND VARIETIES OF COINS. If you find any issued before 1871 with plain date, keep them, and write to me at once for my circular. Watch for silver dollars dated between 1794 and 1868; half dollars dated before 1864; quarters dated before 1868; all 20 cent pieces; 5 cent pieces before 1868; any 3 cent pieces; 2 cent pieces between 1864 and 1873; all large copper cents; also small cents with eagles on; also cents of 1853 and 1857; all half cents; foreign coins, Confederate fractional currency, etc. For above I pay from 5 cents to \$1.00 over face value, if as required. Among the prices are \$3.75 for 1853 quarters, \$10 for 1853 dollar, \$1.00 for 1864 dollar, \$1 for 1871 5 cent, \$10 for 1853 half dollar, \$1.35 for 1863 quarter, and many more big sums if coins are in condition wanted. Send for particulars, enclosing stamp for my reply; may mean many dollars, perhaps fortune to you.

W. E. SKINNER, Coin Broker, P. O. Box P 3046, Boston, Mass.

FREE For 30 Days, to introduce our CRAYON PORTRAITS we make this Special Offer: Send us a Cabinet Picture, Photograph or any picture of yourself or any member of your family, living or dead, and we will make you a CRAYON PORTRAIT of your own likeness, and use your influence in securing as future orders. Place name and address on back of picture and it will be returned in perfect order. We make any change in picture you wish not interfering with likeness. Refer to any bank in Chicago. Address **THE CRESCENT CRAYON CO., Opposite New Gessas Theatre, CHICAGO, ILL.** P. S.—We will forfeit \$100 to any one sending us photo and not receiving crayon picture FREE as per this offer. This offer is bonafide.

PENSIONS! FOR ALL PENSIONS!

The act of June 27th, 1890, allows a PENSION TO EVERY SOLDIER who served 90 days in the late war, and is now disabled, NO MATTER HOW HE BECAME DISABLED. WIDOWS, MINOR CHILDREN AND DEPENDENT PARENTS entitled. Pensions Increased. Soldiers of the INDIAN WARS and their Widows are entitled.

Comrades: Place your claims in our hands and you will not make a mistake. If you have a claim on file, you can draw a pension under the New Law and then complete the old claim. Four years at the front during the war and Twenty Years experience in the prosecution of Soldiers' Claims has placed us in the front rank of reliable and successful attorneys. **BE SURE** to write us if you want information on the subject of pensions. **ADVISE FREE and no fee until claim is allowed.**

JAS. H. VERMILYA & Co., Attorneys at Law.
622 and 624 H st., N. W. Washington, D. C.

Mention this paper when you write.



DR. BURY REMEDIES REACHES THE OLD COUNTRY.

Miss D. C. Davis, of Warwick, England, on October 21, 1892, writes as follows:

"I feel it incumbent upon me to write and thank you for the benefit afforded to myself and family by the use of your Lung Balm and Catarrh Snuff. I find the latter MOST INVALUABLE, as I frequently get cold in the head from constant exposure to the cold; at such times I cannot breathe through the nostrils without the aid of the snuff before retiring at night."

At all druggists or by mail. Price 25 cents. Dr. BURY MEDICAL CO., West Troy, N. Y.

LADIES! Write for terms. \$3 sample corset free to agents. **LEWIS SCHIELE & Co., 508 Broadway, N. Y.**

BEATTY Pianos, Organs \$33 up. Want agents. Cat. free. Dan'f. Beatty, Wash'ton, N.J.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

For the Skin, Scalp and Complexion. The result of 30 years' experience. For sale at Druggists or sent by mail, see. A Sample Cake and 128 page Book on Dermatology and Beauty. Illustrated on Skin, Scalp, Nervous and Blood Diseases and their treatment, sent sealed on receipt of 50c. also Disfigurements like Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, India Ink and Powder Marks, Scars, Pimples, Redness of Nose, Superfluous Hair, Pimples, etc., removed.

JOHN H. WOODBURY, DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE,
125 West 42nd Street, New York City.
Consultation free, at office or by letter. Open 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.

BARNEY & BERRY SKATES CATALOGUE FREE
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P.O. address. **T. A. Slocum, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.**



Mrs. TOOTS-ALGERNON—"The bread is awfully dry and hard: what can I do with it?"
ALGERNON—"Don't know; unless you do as I do with my watch under such circumstances."
Mrs. TOOTS—"What is that?"
ALGERNON—"Soak it."

Pears' Soap

The bodily organs have their habits ; they go by habit.
Health is a set of good habits of stomach, heart, nerve,
etc.

The skin has its duties ; it covers and drains us. There are millions of little sewers in it. The drainage ought to be free. It is no great tax to keep it so ; then the skin is in good habit every way.

Civilized people keep their drainage free with soap and water, Pears' Soap and water—it has no alkali in it—alkali burns and shrivels the skin, uncovers us, makes us rough and red and tender.

To keep this drainage free is to keep the skin soft and beautiful. Nature and health delight in beauty.

We go by habit ; every part of us does the same.

Good food and activity, sleep and Pears' Soap—
what more can the animal want, man, woman, child or
baby!

#1885

**EXPRESSED
FREE
To You**



**TO EXAMINE THIS
WATCH—WE PAY ALL
EXPRESS CHARGES—YOU
PAY NOTHING.**

NO COST

We are determined to introduce our fine Gold and Gold Filled Watches in every state, and different from all others, we offer as our leader the **FINEST SOLID GOLD WATCH WE HAVE**. We believe that many of the readers of this paper who heretofore have never answered advertisements will take advantage of our **WONDERFUL OFFER** and get a **SOLID GOLD WATCH** and help us introduce our goods.

DESCRIPTION OF WATCH. *THIS WATCH IS WARRANTED SOLID GOLD, AND THE FINEST AND BEST SOLID GOLD WATCH WE SELL.* (A Written Guarantee is sent with each watch.) Such watches are never advertised in papers, they are only found in the finest jewelry stores at from \$60.00 to \$100.00, (consequently heretofore have only come within reach of the wealthy.) The cases are Full Box-Joint **SOLID GOLD THROUGH AND THROUGH**, Hunting style, Stem-Wind and Stem-Set, Engraved by Hand in the most Beautiful Design imaginable and we guarantee them equal, if not superior, in the finest jewelry watch you ever saw. The Movement is such as you would want in a fine **SOLID GOLD** Case. Full Jewelled, Expansion Balance, Quick Train, Full Plate, Stem-Wind and Stem-Set, Accurately Regulated and adjusted and **Warranted for 5 years.** (A written guarantee is sent with each watch.) This watch is equal to watches that are sold for \$100.00, but our regular price is \$39.50, but **FOR 30 DAYS** we make a **GRAND OFFER** to advertise our goods. **READ IT CAREFULLY.**

**OUR
LAST
GRAND OFFER!**

If you are ordering in good faith, cut out this ad. and send to us by mail, and we will send this watch to you **BY EXPRESS**, (All Express Charges Paid By Us.) Without paying one cent you can examine it thoroughly, and if you do not find it exactly as represented and every word we have said true, **LEAVE IT**, and you do not pay a cent; otherwise pay the express agent **OUR SPECIAL ONE-HALF INTRODUCTORY PRICE**

#18.85

and take the watch. We will expect every one getting one of these watches to show it to their friends and thereby get them to send, and in that way for every watch we sell at \$18.85 we expect to sell many more at our regular prices.

CAUTION!—To protect us against dealers and speculators ordering in large quantities, we shall only sell **ONE WATCH** to any person at \$18.85, after that the price will be \$39.50. **READ THIS AD. CAREFULLY** and reason if you ever saw such a liberal offer before. **IS A BETTER WATCH THAN HAS EVER ADVERTISED BEFORE.** **A \$100.00 SOLID GOLD WATCH FOR \$18.85!! EXAMINATION FREE!! WE PAY ALL EXPRESS CHARGES—YOU DON'T PAY A CENT!!** After considering what we say, write at once.

KEENE'S MAMMOTH WATCH HOUSE,
1301 Washington Street, Sample Dept. 26, Boston, Mass.

Driving the Brain

at the expense of the Body. While we drive the brain we must build up the body. Exercise, pure air—foods that make healthy flesh—refreshing sleep—such are methods. When loss of flesh, strength and nerve become apparent your physician will doubtless tell you that the quickest builder of all three is



Scott's Emulsion

of Cod Liver Oil, which not only creates flesh of and in itself, but stimulates the appetite for other foods.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N Y. All druggists.

Armour's Extract.

An expert cook says; "All Salads based on Meat, Fish, Lobster or Potatoes are much improved by the addition of Armour's Extract of Beef, first diluted in a little boiling water." There are many ways of using Armour's Extract. Our little Cook Book explains several. Send address; mailed free.

Armour & Co., Chicago.

A CENT SENT BENT.



Manufacturer of

"CROWN"

PIANOS AND ORGANS

A cent spent (for postal) and sent to Bent (with address) is only lent, you'll not repent, if you need now, or ever, a Piano or Organ. I offer prizes (value \$1450) for best verses on the goods. Ask how it's done. Catalogue free. GEO. P. BENT, (Clerk No.18), Chicago, Ill. (Estab. 1870).

Pinless Clothes Line

WANTED—Salesmen to whom we will give EXCLUSIVE TERRITORY to sell our celebrated PINKES CLOTHES LINE, the only line ever invented that holds clothes WITHOUT PINS—a wonderful success; our famous FOUNTAIN INK ERASER which will erase instantly, and has NO EQUAL. The success of our salesmen shows the great demand for these articles, many making \$20 to \$50 per day. On receipt of 50c. will mail sample of either, or sample of both for \$1, with price-lists and terms. PINKES CLOTHES LINE CO., No. 188 Hermon Street, Worcester, Mass.

No. 188 Hermon Street, Worcester, Mass.

From
\$35

WE DO IT EVERY TIME! Save you **\$50 to \$200** from

HOW DO WE DO IT?

We sell from our factory at wholesale prices direct to the public, saving them all agents' and dealers' exorbitant profits. We are doing a marvellous business. One thousand Pianos and Organs per month. **WONDERFUL**, but true! To prove it, send for our new catalogue, illustrated in colors. It is **FREE** to any address. Examine it, and you will see that we are selling

ORGANS and PIANOS For CASH and on EASY PAYMENTS

at prices that are simply **WONDERFULLY LOW**. We have now some of the finest styles of Organs and Pianos ever manufactured. Our new catalogue shows all the latest. Our twenty-sixth annual special offers are now ready. We have bargains in all styles and at all prices. Organs from **\$35**. Pianos from **\$175**, for cash or on easy payment. We have the largest direct trade in the world. We have a larger factory and employ more men than any firm doing a direct business.

You can visit our factory FREE if you live within 200 miles of us.

... NOTE ...

We are absolutely responsible for all our contracts.

REFERENCES: First National Bank, and all the great Commercial Agencies.

NO SATISFACTION, NO PAY! All instruments shipped on free trial warranted for ten years.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE AT ONCE TO

CORNISH & Co.
Old Established & Reliable
Washington,
NEW JERSEY.

From **\$175**

PATENTS. PENSIONS. CLAIMS.

INVENTORS' GUIDE, OR HOW TO OBTAIN A PATENT.

DIGEST OF PENSION AND BOUNTY LAW.

EITHER BOOK SENT FREE.

PATRICK O'FARRELL,
ATTORNEY AT-LAW,
Washington, D.C.